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NARRATIVE  
OF A  
PRIVATE SOLDIER  
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NARRATIVE  
OF A  
PRIVATE SOLDIER

IN THE  
Volunteer Army of the United States,

DURING A PORTION OF THE PERIOD COVERED BY THE GREAT WAR

OF THE REBELLION OF 1861

BY

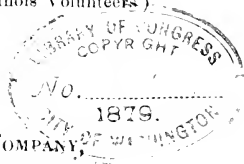
CHARLES LEWIS FRANCIS,

(Private Company B, Eighty-Eighth Illinois Volunteers).

WILLIAM JENKINS AND COMPANY,

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1879.



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## PREFACE.

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In writing the following narrative of my experiences during the troublous period embracing the years 1861 to 1864 I disclaim any intention of setting myself up as a historian.

The sphere in which I moved was not at any time so elevated as to enable me to form views of men and things of so extended a character as that they could have any general bearing or interest. It is extremely seldom that a person in the ranks of an army or in the mass of a political machine becomes acquainted with the springs of a movement until its object has been accomplished or defeated. As for the army movements by Geographical Divisions, momentuous crises in Congress, the probable effect of defeat in the field upon the finances of the country, and the like, we never discussed nor, for my part, thought of them. So that if any one chance in the future to pick up this

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book in anticipation of receiving any valuable or important information from it having any bearing on either of these great questions he may in all probability be disappointed. That the regular historian will have to deal with those matters I have no doubt. In my narrative it will be found that I seldom travel very far beyond my actual and personal experience, it is my object to keep within the line strictly, and if now, after having made my disclaimer, I am asked for my object in writing the book at all, I will be compelled to admit that I can give none that is to my mind a useful or practical one. It may, indeed, turn out that my story will partially corroborate some one who may hereafter venture an extended opinion as to the general character of the experiences of the private soldiers in our Civil War; it may be of some interest to the children of those who took part in the struggle, in showing the facts as they were, stripped of the inevitable romance with which such narratives have been clothed by writers who have shown a lack of power to resist the temptation. Whether or no, one thing occurs to me, and that is this, if my ac-

count is preserved until he is grown, my son will not be confined to mere tradition for his information, as is the fact with the children of so many soldiers of former wars, and as will no doubt be the case with those of many of my comrades as well.

*CHARLES LEWIS FRANCIS.*

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## CHAPTER I.

FROM THE OUTBREAK OF THE WAR UNTIL ABOUT  
JUNE, 1862, AND WHILE, ALTHOUGH I WAS NOT  
YET A SOLDIER, I WAS MUCH WITH THE ARMY,  
AND IN THE FIELD.

1. WHEN the war broke out, say in the month of April, 1861, I was residing with my uncle in Baltimore and Washington; that is to say, business was done in the former city, while the residence was at the capital. On the 19th of that month occurred the bloody riot in Baltimore, during which six or seven men of the Sixth Regiment of Massachusetts Infantry were killed or wounded. The next two days (Saturday and Sunday) were days of terror. No one knew what was to come next. Regiments were hastily formed out of workmen from the various shops. "Ross Winan Guards" was the name of a battalion formed by the enlistment of men in the employ of the great inventor. That, and other regiments and companies paraded the streets in hastily manufactured uniforms of various colors and materials, and armed with a great variety of weapons.

On Friday night a company of the 6th Maryland State Guard proceeded to the President street depot, and after compelling the men of an unarmed regiment (the Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania, Colonel Stone) to retrace their steps to Philadelphia, the soldiers of the Sixth Maryland Guard, accompanied by a large but well organized mob, proceeded to the Gunpowder river, where they set fire to and destroyed a railroad bridge, and I believe they also at the same time scuttled and sunk the great railroad ferry-boat "Maryland," on the Susquehanna river at Havre-de-grace. Besides this, all communication by telegraph between the city and the outside world was cut off, excepting a line to Harper's Ferry, but that wire was kept open solely in the interest of those whose sympathies were against the Federal Government and in favor of the Southern people. Saturday the city was altogether in the hands of the mob. Stores, especially such as contained arms and those holding provisions, were broken open and ruthlessly rifled of their contents. All kinds and descriptions were seized in the general levy. It was not unusual to meet a band of rag-amuffins armed with single and double-barrelled shot-guns, rifles, long and short, and a variety of swords, sabres, and cutlasses all in one company. Few persons slept that night. Owners of houses, stocks of goods, jewellers, bankers, and all were alike in great fear for the safety of the valuables they were possessed of or had under their control. Sunday morning broke into a beautiful spring day. The sun shone warm and genial. Still there was no abatement of the excitement. The church bells rang incessantly, but

not for the purpose of calling worshippers. All stated Divine services were suspended, and the wild clanging of the bells were but signals for all persons capable of bearing arms to assemble at the various places of rendezvous, and there be sworn in and armed as citizen soldiery. One Kane—he was styled “Marshal Kane”—seemed to me to be in the chief control, and, when I went to the police station, or other public building on Holiday street, I think, he was actively engaged in superintending the mustering of men and the issuing of arms to them afterward. All the forenoon the city was rife with rumors. “Troops from the hated North were at Cockeysville,” a town on the Central Railroad; “Regulars were advancing from Carlisle”; “The Yankees of the city were secretly congregating among the hills and valleys of Druid Hill Park,” near the town, and all sorts of such exciting rumors were mouthed around by one crowd to another. About noon more soldiers came. These were from the adjacent counties and composed of the ancient militia, rejuvenated in flesh, but not at all in make-up or appearance. They were, each company, dressed in different costumes, but all held close on to the original continental style, and I would not demand much for venturing the assertion that many of the uniforms worn had been preserved from that period. It was said that the Governor had secreted his person, and therein he acted the part of prudence if he was in the city at all. One crowd were very desirous of hanging him for a “Union man”; another wanted him to issue a proclamation calling the militia into active service to “protect the soil of Maryland

from the Northern invader," while still another motley gang, composed of the "Anne Arundel Militia," went to the Fountain Hotel, where the State Executive was supposed to be in hiding, and there clamored with drunken vehemence for authority to go and demand the evacuation by the United States forces of the neighboring Fort McHenry. Not succeeding in getting any such authority, the gallant troopers proceeded to the Entaw House, and from thence, having first got more gloriously drunk, they went on their self-imposed mission without a mandate. The expedition ended in a disgraceful retreat or a ludicrous farce—I do not know how to properly designate it. I saw the best of it, and have attempted to describe it in another place.

2. On Monday the city was calm. The hot blood had run itself down. Orders had been sent to the North from Washington, the country at large had got over the first scare, and in a day or two after, an Ohio regiment of infantry and some regular troops entered the city, partially in secret, but with loaded cannons and muskets and fixed bayonets—indeed, in full fighting trim. They marched down from the Central Railroad depot to the Washington depot on Camden street. It was an impressive sight. Dread determination was on each and every man's face. There were closed ranks and generally true soldierly bearing and carriage. Every eye was fixed. Not a smiling countenance nor an answering cheer from the populace greeted them, and no handkerchiefs of fair ladies waved in welcome. The crowds on the sidewalks were dense, and kept a sullen silence. The silence was al-

most painful. I remember that I heard the ominous, heavy, regular tread of the soldiers as they marched to the defiant rolling of the drums. There was no music save that, and, if it may be so called, an occasional dramatic blast of the bugle as changes in the direction of the column were announced. Then indeed the people began to breathe freer. The city had been controlled, troops *had* safely passed through, and the "secessionists" and their allies, the mob, had alike been awed into submission. The first regiment of loyal troops that I saw venture on the bloody route of the Sixth Massachusetts was, I think, from Vermont or Maine. They were uniformly tall, full-bearded, healthy looking men, and a jauntily attired vivandiere was with them. They did not ride in the cars from the President street depot to the Camden depot, as the gallant Sixth attempted, but, having formed near the depot, with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets, they wisely marched along Pratt street through the great crowds to the cars. Soon after that New York city sent some regiments, composed in part of what were then called roughs. They were firemen and of that class. It was expected by the Southerners that these troops would fraternize with them, but they did not, and that was the last of Baltimore's prospects of ruin. She settled down to terrible hard times and the mortification of seeing United States engineers surveying old Federal Hill, as a preliminary to the erection of a strong fort right in the city itself.

3. Early in May I left Baltimore entirely, and remained in Washington and its neighborhood. Until July my time was divided between visiting camps and

forts, attending the sessions of Congress, and generally, in taking in the events occurring around and about me. The battle of Bull Run was fought, and I witnessed the wonderful extremes. A few days before, and I saw the fine looking troops from the North ; they were well fed, well dressed, full of fight, and they moved from the various camps in the city, over the Long Bridge and on to Arlington Heights, in time with the music of many gorgeously uniformed and well appointed bands. With virgin banners flying, and speeches from the President and the eminent Senators and Representatives from their several States, the various regiments and brigades marched gayly on to finish the war in sixty days ! I saw the retreat, and when the troops filed into the city I mingled my feelings with those who feared that the existence of the nation was in its greatest peril. To render it worse, that direful day was dark and gloomy, and it rained in torrents. The returning soldiers were dirty, and begrimed with the historic clay of Virginia ; some were shoeless, many hatless—all minus something, and but very few with any but drooping and dejected spirits. All was hurry-scurry, and to all appearances without any definite aim other than that of arriving at comfortable camping grounds. Then we were afraid that the rebels would follow up their victory and enter Washington. It was said by many that the Government were wholly prepared to flee, that the President had gone, and it was fully a week before the people were reassured of their immediate safety. The best conditioned of our troops had been left on the southern side of the Potomac, but what

did we know of that? Besides, our Provost Marshal's office had not yet been completely organized, our spies were not so diligent or numerous as those on the other side, and the city contained within its limits a vast number of those who thought the enemy would very soon be at our doors, and with whom a wish was father to the thought. However, the feeling of despair in time gave way to that of hope and confidence. General McDowell was superseded, and by and by General McClellan, the "great soldier," the "young Napoleon," the "savior of his country," took command of our armies. Troops poured into the city by thousands, daily and hourly: fortifications rose as if by magic, and upon all the hills around the city were bristling cannon, while at the feet of those hills and all around them was a vast camp of armed men. From the Insane Asylum beyond the eastern branch of the Potomac river to Tennyaltown on the Rockville Pike road, and around in a circle, were camps of infantry, cavalry, and batteries of artillery.

4. After General McClellan assumed command, and had reorganized the army, there was a grand review of the troops held at Ball's Cross Roads. In order to get there we first had to procure a formidable pass from the Headquarters of the Army, and this pass was made no less formidable by the oath attached to it than by the terrible looking signature placed at the bottom. It was that of "Drake De Kay," who was an aide-de-camp at headquarters. I am sorry I have lost that pass, because it would now be a real curiosity, and I would have liked very much to have been able to give a copy of it in this place. However, armed

with this formidable pass, I went with the rest of the sightseers, crossed the river at Georgetown, thence to Munson's Hill in Virginia, where our people had a signal station communicating with another situated on the top of the dome of the Capitol. From there we went to Ball's Cross Roads, but I saw no Ball's or other notable crossroads. I simply saw from a favorable position immense masses of troops of all arms: long lines of infantry, now in echelon, now in masses, and again formed into line of battle extending for miles, and at times two or three lines deep. Squadrons and regiments of cavalry galloped through openings in the woods, crossed the depressions, and quickly disappeared in other openings in the forests; then whole parks of artillery dashed into the fields, and in and out and through the woods, meanwhile performing the most intricate and mysterious of manœuvres. One time I thought that the hill we were standing upon was to be carried by storm, but a division of New York troopers flanked us and passed on. It was an awfully grand sight, and fascinated me. I could not help fixing my gaze upon the scene before and on both sides of me. There was everything of real battle except smoke, noise, and suffering. The generals and their staff officers were gayly dressed, and the horses they rode reared and pranced as if they were conscious of the fact that the eyes of the civilized world were upon them, and that the great majority of men trusted and expected that their riders would be carried upon their backs to victory and triumph. It was a beautiful day, clear and cold, and the sun shining upon the well burnished arms and accoutrements of

the men, withal, made a picture with which the finest I ever saw on canvas was not to be compared for beauty. I saw the youthful commander twice on that day. He was surrounded by a hundred staff officers, while scores more were flying hither and thither with orders to the different division commanders. His escort consisted of about five hundred picked troopers, and this body guard prevented us from getting too near their chief. He himself stood up with a glass almost continually at his eye, and, if he thought of making a striking picture of himself, I must say that he succeeded in impressing me by his attitude and reminding me of a famous picture of his alleged prototype.

5. It might have been a little before that that I went with some couriers who delivered at Poolesville certain despatches for General Stone. It was rather late one afternoon that we left Washington by the Rockville road, and it was almost dark when we galloped through Rockville, the county seat of Montgomery county, Maryland. The town bore an appearance of old age and decrepitude, and there were no attractions for us to stop, even if our orders had not been imperative not to do so. Later, we arrived at Muddy Branch, or Darnstown. Darnstown was no town at all at that time, but I remember that Muddy Branch was very muddy. There were only two or three houses in the town, but they were "on the Pike," and there was a cross-road leading to a ferry on the Potomac river a few miles to the south. There were ten or twelve regiments of infantry encamped thereabouts, and shortly after our arrival nearly all of them took up the line of

march for Poolesville, a few miles further on. It was late fall or early winter, and the night was very cold. About midnight we arrived at Poolesville, and the General received his despatches. We did not know, at least I did not know, the contents of our papers, but early that morning Colonel Baker, of the First California regiment, was across the Potomac river, and the battle of Ball's Bluff was fought and lost. I went over after the battle, and penetrated nearly to Leesburg. I was, at times, inside the enemy's lines, but did not know that until I had got out again. That was the first time that I had actually seen men killed and wounded on a battlefield, and, it may seem strange, but I do not remember that I experienced the peculiar feelings to be expected. It was not until Winchester that I did so. But of that as I get on with my story. Soon after the repulse and defeat the body of Colonel Baker was recovered, and I returned to Washington with its escort, having been absent about three days. There was deep feeling manifested upon the death of Colonel Baker. He was extremely well liked by the men under him, and their lamentations were loud. Although this regiment was called the "First California," it is not to be concluded therefrom that it was composed of Californians. It was not so to any great extent. Colonel Baker had been a Senator from Oregon, or California, I forget which, and I believe represented one or the other in the Senate of the United States at the outbreak of the war. I saw the regiment when it was being organized. It was encamped on the Bladensburg road, just outside of the corporate limits of Washington. Its organization

was different from that of most other regiments in this, that there were seventeen or eighteen companies, four of which at least had been recruited in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and more in various other cities in unequal proportions—this I know, because I witnessed scenes of emulation, to designate it lightly, between the men of different States. Besides this regiment, he had several others at Ball's Bluff. There were, I think, the Nineteenth and Twentieth Massachusetts, and I have an impression that I recognized the Fifteenth regiment from the same State. Colonel Baker was an Englishman by birth, but had been brought to this country at a very early age. In person and appearance he was large and heavy; he had a full face, florid complexion, and he wore a full beard and whiskers, with these he had a kind, benevolent, and fatherly expression of countenance. It was generally remarked that he was *too good* a man to be recklessly exposed to danger, and there was manifested a strong disposition toward having an investigation to ascertain whether the Colonel's next superior officer was not to be blamed for the disaster.

6. Again I went on an expedition to Virginia with a column of troops. We did not know where we were going to nor what we were going for, but at a miserable place called Drainsville, it was a question whether, in the skirmish that took place, we got beaten or were victorious. At any rate we came back without having accomplished any specific object that I know of. I believe this was undertaken by the troops of General McCall's Pennsylvania Reserve Corps. During the rest of the winter of 1861-2 I was engaged in

going from camp to camp, and in the habit of staying away from home for days and weeks together. Of course it was very wrong and all that, and I invariably got lectured upon my return, but after all, I had many interesting experiences during that time, and besides, amid such scenes it would be hard to attempt to control a youth of eighteen, especially as a wide and treacherous ocean existed between him and direct parental authority. So I had very much my own way. I encamped at Tennytown—a little beyond Georgetown—with the celebrated “Buck Tails” of Pennsylvania, and made many acquaintances among the men of the various regiments. I was in a position to return services for entertainment, because, military discipline being rigidly enforced, few of the officers or men were allowed to go beyond the grand lines of their respective brigades or divisions, whereas, I was not so amenable to arbitrary orders, and could go and return nearly as it suited me, and thus I was enabled to perform many little commissions for those with whom I associated. There were four or five regiments in the brigade of “Buck Tails,” and these, with several others, and a battery, commanded, if I remember well, by a Captain McClure, formed what was known as the “Pennsylvania Reserve Corps.” The whole was commanded by General McCall. I became very intimate with several men in the Forty-sixth Pennsylvania regiment. Indeed, I think it was that regiment that had whole companies of Welshmen in it. One of the men of this regiment was sadly homesick, and, as he had a sister who was a domestic in the family of Galusha A. Grow, the then Speaker of the House of

Representatives, I was duly commissioned to interview her and lay his case before her in such a way as that she should duly communicate the same to her august employer, for relief. Whether my mission or her labors were ever successful I never learned, but I do know that when I reached home and told where I had been, I received the severest correction short of a thrashing I had ever had, from my aristocratic great aunt for communing with a "servant." It was very shocking to her when she saw how quickly I had blossomed into so democratic a flower. Dear, high-minded old aunt! If she had but recalled history then, or was alive now to know as much as we do about the inside springs that move great men, she would have realized that "servants" had before controlled, did then, and no doubt would thereafter wield no small influence in shaping the policies of those whom they serve—all the way between presenting a good or bad dinner, guarding secrets well, and the other extreme, allowing themselves to be courted by newspaper correspondents or other—spies. But that is not a narrative, and ought, if printed at all, to be placed in parentheses, and it would have been, if I had not been advised by very respectable authority to entirely discard the use of them in the kind of writing described in my title-page. I visited the camps and fortifications on both sides of the river. I was very much interested in the organization of the Sixth (or Fifth) United States Cavalry. The regiment was encamped on the great plain east of the capitol and not far from the Congressional burying ground. General Hunter was the Colonel and General Emory

was the Lieutenant Colonel. As a matter of fact, there were few officers of the regiment between generals and second lieutenants. I had very lively times as I scampered over the plain with the regiment, engaged as it was in "breaking in" both men and horses. After half a dozen lucky falls and a score of other mishaps, I became quite expert as a rider, and I do not know but that I might have been a subaltern in the regiment had I not been dissuaded from making an application by the highest domestic authority, who declared that in all her experience of sixty to eighty years, "none but scapegraces ever went into the army." That was equal to a lawful veto, and, bad as I was, I determined, although two generations removed, and a recent importation of the blood at that, not to voluntarily make of myself the traditional scapegrace of the family. Like arguments caused me to desist a short time after, when at Camp Carroll, just outside of Baltimore, I was found dressed in a blouse, wearing a jaunty cap, and drilling a squad of men of the Fifth Maryland Volunteers, over whom I hourly expected to be placed in command. I remember that I had not been back to the capital long when I started to go to Frederick City. I travelled on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to a point within three miles of the city, and there left the cars on perceiving the signs of an army being near by. Then I advanced, with military prudence, until I entered regular lines. The camp proved to be that of a brigade commanded by General Abercrombie. The camp was situated on high ground and in thick, wild woods, the whole overlooking the Monocacy river and

the city beyond. I proceeded through the various regimental grounds, and saw, among other celebrities, Colonel Fletcher Webster, of the Twelfth Massachusetts Infantry, who was pointed out to me as a son of the great Expounder of the Constitution, of which I made due note, and have remembered it to this day. Proceeding on to the west, I came in sight of the city, but before reaching it I had to pass over the old stone bridge which spans the Monocacy river a short distance from Frederick. I might have crossed by the railroad bridge nearer, but the sight of the old stone structure took my fancy. It was an old-fashioned affair—no one could inform me as to its age; in solidity and plainness it reminded me of some of the old bridges I had seen in Wales, say that over the Usk river at Abergavenny. On either end there were two large urn-shaped ornaments of stone, and I was gravely told by a "Pennsylvania Dutchman," who was my guide, that enclosed in each was a large package of whiskey that had been placed there at the time the bridge was built. The Monocacy river was more rapid than deep, but the signs on the banks were that during a rainy season the stream might swell to large proportions. The road I was on led directly to the main street of the town, and I walked up that thoroughfare until I arrived at headquarters. I think General Banks, of Massachusetts, was in command. At any rate, I received a pass which enabled me to move pretty much as I pleased. Frederick is situated in a delightful country. Rich and well cultivated fields surround the town, especially on the north and west sides. The people who inhabited it were largely

made up of the descendants of the Germans who long ago settled in Pennsylvania, and who are vulgarly called "Pennsylvania Dutch." They all hail from Adams County, and if one could say, and prevail upon the rest to believe, that his name was "Schmidt," or any one of its German variations, he had almost a sure pass to the aristocratic portion of the town. This is the place where Barbara Fritchie made herself immortal; or at least the poet says she did.

7. About March, 1862, I took a longer flight, this time with the intention of sharing with General Shields and his army whatever glory was to be found in the Shenandoah valley. I reached near Harper's Ferry safely, but there the bridge had been destroyed, and we were compelled to remain on the northern side of the Potomac river, at a station called Sandy Hook, until our turn came at the ferry. The Potomac river here was very rapid and its bed filled with jagged rocks against which the water beat and foamed and frothed again. There are three distinct mountains there, one on the Maryland side, called the Maryland Heights, another upon which Harper's Ferry is built, and another divided from the last by the Shenandoah river, which empties itself into the Potomac at this point. I finally got across in a flat boat, which was propelled by means of a rope fastened at either side of the river, and which was pulled upon by the occupants of the boat. It was rather a dangerous piece of business, because, if by chance we should lose our hold upon the rope, there would have been no help for it, but we should all have been dashed to pieces upon the rocks below. Several persons were so dashed and

killed there on the same day that we passed over. In Harper's Ferry I saw the engine house in which John Brown was besieged and captured, and I paid due reverence to it and its associations. The place was treated as a spot for pilgrimage. Every one desired to see it, and at that time it had not been torn to pieces for relics, as the soldiers of General Sickles's brigade did with a celebrated tree on Jackson Square in Washington. Pursuing our way, we reached Martinsburg and rested. Late on an afternoon I started for Winchester, and although I soon got very tired, I could procure no conveyance, so I let the army go ahead, and followed as best I could. To make it worse yet, it appeared that the enemy had utterly spoiled the macadamized road, as it was said, by dragging locomotives over it, and of the whole width of the road there was scarcely a piece left whole that was large enough to stand upon. The men must have had a hard time of it as they marched ahead of me. On my way I came up to the camp of a detachment of the Fifth (?) Mounted Rifles of New York. I was very hungry, and did not hesitate in accepting an invitation to dine with them. Up to this time I had seen but little of a soldier's real life after all. I had now to put up with the "hard tack," and it was very hard at that, and "sow belly"—that is what the men called it, but we know it by the name of "clear sides." It was a bivouac, and I had no blanket—nothing but a huge cloak that I had worn all the winter before. My hunger assisted me in submitting to the table fare, but as to sleeping with them, I could not bring myself to entertain the idea of it. I thought

there would certainly be houses near by, and in one of them I might at least obtain shelter. The boys were a jolly set. They laughed and told stories. The biggest and most improbable were laughed at the most. But I went on. By and by, as I trudged along, I overtook a genius who, if he be alive now and has not reformed his life, is either a millionaire or an inmate of State's prison. He was a bright looking fellow of about twenty-four or twenty-five years of age, dressed comparatively neatly, and he carried a bundle under his arm. He lost no time in making my acquaintance, and, without any solicitation on my part, declared he would bear me company. Had I been older I would probably have been suspicious; but in truth I had hastened my steps in order to overtake him, for the benefit of his companionship. The moon was shining somewhat, and I was well armed, but as it turned out, he was not to be feared at all so far as my bodily safety was concerned. We walked on for an hour or so, and talked about everybody and everything except ourselves, and then he ventured to inform me that he belonged to the First Virginia Cavalry of loyal troops, and was then going to join his regiment if he could find it. I am afraid that I did not eat much at my last opportunity, or else that the walking and talking had given me an extraordinary appetite, for I got hungry again, and I told my companion of my condition, and wished that we would soon get to a house. He appeared to know something of the country, for he told me confidently that very soon we would reach one that he knew of, and further, that we would have but little difficulty in faring well

enough. Presently we reached a place near Bunker Hill, and having waded two or three brooks that ran across the road, we were startled by the barking of a whole pack of dogs. At the same time each of us drew his revolver, and when the cloud that had obscured the moon had lifted we saw the house near by. It was one of those great square structures inside of which and presiding over it we naturally expect to find a stout, jolly-faced owner, and, as it happened, there he was. My companion, in a commanding tone of voice, ordered the party appearing to "down" his dogs, and the order was obeyed in good time. Then we advanced, and, hailing the gentleman, demanded if we could get fare there. At the same time my friend went up to the old fellow and whispered in his ear. The old man made no answer that I heard, and I believe it would have made but little difference if he had denied us, so we went in. People on the borders during that time, whether classed as loyal or disloyal, had to be very careful of strangers who called. They might be "angels unawares" that they were entertaining, or foes indeed. But our welcome appeared to be a hearty one. We were conducted along the spacious hall, and from thence into a sort of sitting room and dining room combined, and while we sat warming ourselves before a lively log fire a fine looking and youthful negro was engaged in arranging the table. We ate a very hearty supper of fresh rolls, bacon, "snitz" pie, milk, and coffee. When we had concluded our meal we wanted to pay for it, but our host would not hear of such a thing. We could "stop all night, and go on in the morning." This we were

under the necessity of doing anyway, because the fighting had already commenced, and our soldiers were not yet in the city; but we thanked him all the same. During the conversation that now ensued I found to my horror that I had been travelling with a "rebel" in disguise, and at the moment I felt like doing something. My companion saw the expression of my feelings as it was on my face, and while pretending to topple over, he bade me in a whisper not to be "a damned fool." Light was thus shed upon the matter, and I saw it instantly, but I could not reach any satisfactory conclusion in my mind as to his object. He certainly could not have been one of our spies, for if he was, he would not conduct himself in that way, so I thought. When we had got into bed he let me into the secret. "I know how to travel," said he—"when you are in Rome do as Romans do," etc. Next morning, he succeeded in exchanging counterfeit Southern bills for New York and other Northern States paper money which the farmer had and considered worthless. My companion had upon his person an enormous quantity of the counterfeit stuff, and he acknowledged to me that he had made considerable money, and expected to make much more in his practice upon the dupes of a Southern Confederacy. As we were leaving early in the morning, he handed the poor old man a few ancient newspapers out of the bundle he had, and directed him to deliver them to a person giving such a sign and such a password. "They were for a blockade-runner," he remarked as we left. He afterward explained to me that he always did so, and after a day or two he would send his

partner in the deception to the poor old man to whom he gave the sign and the password agreed upon. This ensured good treatment, and perhaps the host was again deceived as to money matters.

8. Amid the booming of not far distant cannon and the rattling sound of musketry we began our journey, and had not travelled far before we fell in with the rear of the army. The various regiments were ranged in battle array on several rising grounds lying between Bunker Hill and the town of Winchester. Later, as we advanced along the high road, we were challenged by a guard of the One Hundred and Fourth Pennsylvania regiment of Infantry, but, upon the arrival of the officer of the guard, we succeeded in showing him that we were proper persons, and as to the danger we were in of being shot by General Jackson's troops—that was our own look-out. Thus we went on. Right in front of us, and, as it seemed, in the rear too, there was rapid firing by the skirmishers for an hour or so; but, about seven o'clock in the morning, we were nearly run over and trampled upon by the troops who were advancing upon the "double quick." The colonel of the One Hundred and Fourth Pennsylvania regiment nearly knocked me down with his horse, and I barely protected my precious body by taking to the shelter of the stout butt of a tree. Now the fighting became fast and furious. I saw the enemy to the ~~north-east~~ north-east and east of the city, and they were quickly moving from place to place, as if performing a manœuvre, or preparing for a retreat. At eleven o'clock our troops continued to advance, so that I could get on, and when I stopped I found myself on

the summit of a hill, with the town in full view. Far away to the north-east I saw the broad Shenandoah just coming out from between two hills, and again on my right hand I could see it placidly lying for eight or ten miles to the south. Here my companion left me, and as unceremoniously as we had come together. In between my prospect the battle raged for two or three hours more, when I saw that our flag was being borne far on the other side of the houses. As I advanced I soon found myself within the precincts of the ill-fated town. I did not go by the road, and if I had wished to go that way I could not have found it. Jumping fences and crossing fields, I made my entry from the south side of the town. Here I met with desolation and misery in its direst aspect. A fine house, presenting many evidences of having been an abode of wealth, had been struck more than once by shot and shell from our batteries, and it was now broken and ruined. No one was to be seen on the premises, except in the adjacent outhouses there were a few negro women. These were weeping and wailing, but for what in particular they seemed not to know. When I inquired of one of them as to who her master was, she set up the cry, "'Tis two miles; 'fore God, it's two miles." That was all I could get out of any of them. Thus I entered the town; but the battle was nearly over. Far away I could hear the firing of guns, as if our gallant little army was pursuing the enemy to the south. During the remainder of the day the town was being filled with the wounded of both sides; for the defeat had been so complete that the enemy left all their dead and wounded on the field. Along on the sidewalk

were ranged, in different places in the crooked main street, the bodies of those who had been wounded, and then died subsequent to their removal from the field. Many surgeons were in their first experiences in field service, and on the bare sidewalk in front of the hotel they were cutting off a leg here, and an arm there, and all the time the poor wounded subjects were howling and crying as their life's blood ran down the declivity to the gutter of the street. Many failed to survive the performance of the necessary operations, and expired as they were left by the surgeons. Those that died were simply covered with blankets and left there. Across the street there was a church, and I went to see what there was within. I cannot conceive what it was that attracted me. I know I felt heart-sick on viewing the scenes on the street. I felt as if I was in a dream; that all I saw was unreal; and I realized the terrible feeling of one who is in a nightmare. I know I gasped and held my breath. In the church I found at least two hundred wounded and dying men. The majority were Northerners, but they were all receiving equal care and attention. Here, too, many poor fellows died while under the surgeon's hand. Some expired while the knife and saw were being used. There was one whom I met, a tall, stout, and strongly built young fellow, about twenty-five years of age, and, as he turned his agonized countenance toward me, I recognized him as one of the guards of the One Hundred and Fourth Regiment of Pennsylvania, who had challenged me in the morning. Poor fellow! he had been shot with a musket ball through the

right lung, and had had a part of his face torn off by a fragment of shell. He did not appear to know me, although I did what I could for his comfort, and he expired while I looked at him. The doctors had probed for the ball, and had done what the enemy left undone of their intended work. While in the church, I noticed that no matter what the nature of the soldier's wound was, the sufferer was invariably consulted as to the application of chloroform, and a sort of pride made a great majority of them decline the benefit of it. There were some who even laughed and otherwise made light of their misfortunes. I could not stand it long, and, as I was very tired, sought a place where I could sleep. In a deserted house I went with a few officers who had been assigned by General Shields to take formal possession of the city. Here I laid myself down upon a bed that showed signs of having been vacated in considerable haste. A man's coat and vest were on a chair near by, and a nice pair of slippers were under the bedstead. I was not very particular, and did not undress, except as to my hat, cloak, and boots ; and I laid there during the remainder of the night in a dreadful sleep. Next morning the scene was more terrible than it had been on the preceding night. Scores of dead bodies had been gathered into an empty lot on the east side of the town, and when I arrived there, parties of men were engaged in interring the bodies. There was an officer who kept a record of those that were identified, and a rough wooden peg, with a number on it, was driven into the ground at the head of each grave. Many of

those I saw buried had belonged to the One Hundred and Fourth Pennsylvania regiment, but there were also a number belonging to an Ohio regiment. During the morning I was shown the place where the battle raged most fiercely. There was a stone wall or fence on the brow of a wooded hill to the east or southeast of the town, where, it was said, the rebels had made a desperate stand, and many dead bodies of Southern soldiers lay behind and not far from it. It is claimed that because of this incident of the battle, the great Southern commander was accorded his sobriquet of "Stonewall."

9. In a few days I was again in Washington, and I heard that a grand movement was about to be inaugurated. The whole Army of the Potomac was to be shipped to the peninsula in front of Richmond. Determined to see that also if I could, I tendered my services, and was immediately placed upon one of the numerous transports. At that time the Government was dreadfully hard up for ships in which to transport the immense army and stores, and all varieties of old tubs were enlisted in the service. Even all the way from the Bay of Fundy they came, to earn five hundred dollars and upward a day. After having made two trips to Hampton village, I got on board the steamship "Emperor," belonging to St. Johns, N. B., and owned by the Hathaways of that place. She, or he, was a very old tub, but I reflected that if the "Emperor" could stand the weather in the Bay of Fundy, she could probably get along without much trouble in the Chesapeake. Accordingly we went to Alexandria, Virginia, and there assisted in the trans-

portation of General Heintzelman's corps. We took Berdan's regiment of New York sharp-shooters to Fortress Monroe, and on another occasion we transported General Emory and his staff and escort besides a couple of batteries. We had a terrible trip with the General on board. It stormed all night, and the horses and men and guns and carriages went pell-mell together. General Emory swore terribly. I can now remember that I then thought him a very bad man. In the morning the storm itself was over, but we were still suffering the disagreeable effects of it as we steamed rapidly toward Old Point Comfort. Few noticed that there was a remarkable trimness about the shipping. Our pilot apparently noticed nothing, for he kept going under a full head of steam so as to round the point and get to the wharf. Presently, a fast-going little tug-boat darted out from the fleet and hailed us. An officer on board of her swore a succession of oaths, and desired to know "where in hell we wanted to go." From him we received the cheering information that the dreaded "Merrimac" was coming down the river, and that all the craft near and far were in imminent danger of being blown up. We then saw the men-of-war ships in full fighting trim, decks cleared and ports open. All the fleet of transports had steam up and anchors weighed, with prows turned for flight. It was too late for us. We were now around the point, and congratulated one another that if there should be any fun, we would be in a good position to see it. Passing the "rip-raps," we drew near to the little Monitor as she lay squat in the water of Hampton Roads, with nothing above a foot higher than the

surface but the round turret, on the top of which a solitary officer was nervously pacing, and a flag staff on one end of her, from which the stars and stripes fitfully rustled in the fresh morning breeze. At a more respectful distance were the larger wooden frigates, two or three of them, and, inside the roads, were the ruins of the ill-fated "Congress" and "Cumberland." Far beyond, and a long way up the James river, there was a heavy black cloud of smoke and a dark object underneath. That was the Merrimac, and she seemed bent on making us realize all of our worst fears. But she did not venture within fighting distance, and we waited through the agonizing suspense until evening, when we were permitted to land. I soon found myself in the fortress, notwithstanding the fact that General Wool had prohibited all citizens from entering. I visited the quarters, casemates, magazines, and headquarters. General Wool looked and acted as if he believed that it had been fear of him alone that had deterred the commander of the enemy's iron-clad from coming out and destroying us all. Next day I put my head into the muzzle of the "Lincoln" gun, and also into that of the "Seward" gun. These were two monster pieces of ordnance, planted down on the sand near the water and formed a sort of shore battery. I also visited the ancient town of Hampton. The houses had nearly all been destroyed by fire some time before, but there still remained not far away a very fine building that had formerly been used as a seminary or college. Hampton is situated on the low, flat shore of the bay, and was approached by water through a long and crooked chan-

nel. From Fortress Monroe we could plainly see Newport News and the rebel flag at an outpost of theirs on Sewell's Point, some distance south. Then we took a regiment or two to Sullivan's Landing, on the York river. As soon or before we were fastened to the shore, nearly all the men were in the shallow water, diligently engaged in picking up and eating the oysters that abounded there. Thence I went on toward Yorktown. I met with Berdan's sharp-shooters, and saw a great deal of life at the front.

10. On my return to Washington I merely rested awhile and then went off to the Shenandoah valley again. I met Banks and his army, but I pursued an independent course, and found myself at last with General Shields far down the valley. At Port Republic we had a desperate fight, and our army was beaten. I was not present at the fighting, having the day before gone over the mountains for about ten miles to Cross Keys, where General Fremont had an army and was engaging the enemy. Next day, when I had nearly got back to where I started from, I found our camps empty, and the rebel cavalry far in my rear. In this most unpleasant predicament there was nothing left for me to do but to ascend one of the high hills near by, and hide myself for a time, or descend into the valley and take a risk of capture. Hidden within a clump of stunted pine trees, I remained all of that day and the next night. From where I was concealed I plainly saw and heard the rapid movements of the enemy's cavalry, and it was all to the *north* of me. I was thus virtually a prisoner. Next morning I arose from the green turf on which I had lain all night, and

stealthily peered around and below to see what my prospects were. I found not a single soldier in sight. Our men had retreated, and the enemy had also gone on their way. On this I ventured to a road, and proceeding some distance along that, it brought me to a highway at the bottom of the valley. I stopped at the first house, for I was nearly fainting with hunger, but the place was deserted. The furniture had been removed, and there was no sign of life about it, except the presence of a large dog, whom, to save myself, I despatched by a couple of shots from my revolver. It was not until I had trudged along for a couple of miles farther that I was encouraged as I drew near to a substantial house by seeing several persons about it, and when I entered I found all was astir. The people that lived in the house were Quakers. In the wide hall that ran through the centre of the house were five soldiers reclining on extemporized bedsteads. Three of them were Northern men and two Southrons. The Quaker, a venerable looking man, and apparently purely orthodox, and his family of young men and women, were administering what comforts there were within reach to the sufferers, who had been wounded in the fighting of the day before. My condition was taken in at a glance, and without being asked to which side I belonged, or in relation to any other personal matter, the old gentleman simply said, "Walk in, my son," which invitation I quickly accepted. One of the daughters helped me to a splendid breakfast, and meanwhile told me how "our horsemen" had chased the "Yankees" the day before, and that a sort of battle had taken place near where we were. "Over

yonder," she said, pointing to a house in the distance, "were twenty or thirty more wounded men of both sides." I told her of my adventures, and she seemed to be interested in my recital. She said she was older than I, and advised me to go back to Washington and stay there until the war was over. Meanwhile a surgeon of one of General Shields's regiments had arrived, and with medicines and bandages and sticks, attended to the wants of the wounded. Here I took my first dose of quinine. The doctor told me I looked sick, and declared that I "would surely get an attack of the ague," after my exposure. This was almost too good a place to leave, but in the afternoon I did so, and after a great march, sometimes riding and sometimes walking, I reached Washington again. Up to this time it will be seen that I was not yet a soldier, and I have thought that what I have written is somewhat out of place here, but, as it is done, I cannot forbear giving it a place, if for nothing else but by way of introduction.

## CHAPTER II.

FROM ABOUT THE MIDDLE OF JUNE, 1862, WHEN I LEFT WASHINGTON FOR THE WEST, UNTIL THE LATTER PART OF OCTOBER IN THE SAME YEAR, WHEN I WAS AT CRAB ORCHARD, KENTUCKY, AS A PRIVATE SOLDIER OF COMPANY "B," OF THE EIGHTY-EIGHTH REGIMENT, ILLINOIS INFANTRY VOLUNTEERS.

1. DURING one of my many journeys to and from Washington in the spring of 1862, I chanced to be upon the railroad train from that city to Baltimore. In the cars were many convalescent soldiers; some had been wounded, and were discharged and being sent home, to recruit that great army of cripples already appearing in the various States of the North; others, not so badly off, were on furlough and leave of absence, and going to their homes for a season, in the full uniform of the army, and this without being under any of the restraints or inconveniences of army discipline. Among others on the train I met and became acquainted with Mr. Henry Weaver, whose home was at Loda, in Iroquois county, in the State of

Illinois. He had been a private in Colonel Farnsworth's celebrated Eighth Regiment of Illinois Cavalry, and had just received his discharge from the service at one of the general hospitals situated in or near to Alexandria, Virginia, where he had been for a long time previously, suffering from typhoid fever. By him I was told of the beautiful country he lived in, and how easy it was to get along there, especially for a young man, such as I then was. By the time we reached Baltimore we were well acquainted, and on leaving him at the depot of the Northern Central railroad, I received and promised to accept from him a cordial invitation to visit him in his prairie home, so far away to the west. For some time after this I continued to be engaged in going from camp to camp, as I have before related. My relatives and friends persisted in their refusal to sanction my going into the army, and at last I concluded myself that after all it would perhaps be better for me to abandon the idea. For a little while I tried to settle down to hard study, but, with fifty thousand or more of armed men around me, and the continual hurly-burly of almost a state of siege, I made but little progress and realized less satisfaction. After making up and tearing to pieces many different plans, I suddenly recalled to my mind the heartiness of the invitation I had received from Mr. Henry Weaver, and I thought I would very much like to see his beautiful home and country. Eager at the thought, I determined to immediately banish myself from the stirring and demoralizing scenes by which I was so completely surrounded ; go to Illinois, pursue my interrupted course of studies, and finally settle

down to live there. All those of my friends to whom I mentioned my project applauded my resolution. My uncle jokingly warned me not to return to the East again unless with my credentials as a member of Congress in my pocket. Even my elderly great-aunt thought I was on the right tack at last, and soon after my last sad experience in the Shenandoah valley, with God-speed and good wishes from all of my friends, I started auspiciously for the great West. But alas for the strength or weakness of human resolution ! The next time my friends heard of me I was a soldier indeed ; but of that hereafter. My objective point was Loda, of course, but I went direct to Chicago, so as to make of it a sort of base, as military men would say. I travelled on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, through a rough country and over great mountains, to the Ohio river at Bel-air. On our way we passed through several military stations, and I suffered from as many different attacks of depression of spirits. At Cumberland, in Maryland, I even went so far as to want to desert the train and go with the " boys " again. From Bel-air, where I saw and crossed the Ohio river for the first time in my life, we went on to Columbus, the capital of the State of Ohio, and from thence on to Chicago. It had taken us nearly forty-eight hours to get there. I arrived in the wonderful city of Chicago late in the evening, and in a very tired, dusty, and hungry condition ; but after a good bath and a tolerable supper, which I obtained at a hotel nearly opposite to the Union depot, I set out to view the city. I had travelled a long distance—two hundred miles longer than the whole of Great Britain ; I had crossed

high mountains and a great river, and I thought, as I went over the Allegheny mountains and the Ohio river, that I had at last seen some things of sufficient importance to entitle them to places on the map of the world. I esteemed myself as very nearly equal to him who had climbed Mont Blanc, or to the other one who had passed over the Andes. Now I was in Chicago, eight hundred miles from tidewater, and I acknowledge to have felt some surprise on finding that the people were very much like the inhabitants of other cities I had visited, and although I had travelled so far, I was not after all in a foreign country. Having made my arrangements so that I could afford to stay but one day, I had to devise some means of seeing as much as possible of the city in that time. The street cars seemed to be the best suited to my purpose, and upon one of them, that passed the hotel, I got, and as I stood on the front platform, I engaged in conversation with the driver of it. Talking with him (and he was a very enthusiastic talker, even for a Chicagoan), and viewing the city, I went to the end of the route. We passed by many hundreds of houses that had not yet been raised to the new grade of the streets, and that part of the city presented a curious aspect. Some years before it had been discovered that the grade of the city was in many places below the level of Lake Michigan, and the work of raising the streets and the buildings to the new level had been going on. But once past the business centre, and when we got to where the residences of the poorer people were, the houses had not been raised, but the streets had. Many blocks had stores built on the corners, but between

these corners the dwelling-houses seemed to be in a hole. Entrance from the street by means of the roofs appeared to be the easiest mode, but in places where the distance was too great to be jumped, long stairs had been built from the street down to the front doors below. After arriving at the end of the railroad line, I found myself on a large tract of land as flat as a mill-pond. I took another route on my return to the city, but the scenes were very much the same.

2. Next day I took the train on the Chicago branch of the Illinois Central railroad, and ran south on that for ninety-nine miles to Loda. It was during this journey that I first realized the nature and extent of the grand Prairies. For miles upon each side of the road, and extending as far as the eye could reach, to the east, and to the west, there was nothing but flat, or very little rolling, prairie. Sometimes the horizon would seem to be broken by small, dark green objects of irregular shapes. These were groves of trees, oases in the blank prairie. The land itself was clothed in verdure, already thick and high, and all over were in bloom many kinds of plants and flowers growing in wild profusion that take great care and attention to be cultivated at all in other countries I had visited. While stopping at a small station on the open prairie I witnessed a phenomenon which I believe is peculiar to that country. It was an optical illusion. Although we were in the midst of a blank space, yet there appeared in the distance houses, churches, trees, and other objects, all of a grossly exaggerated size and turned upside down. There were many veritable castles in the air. It was quite a study while it lasted,

which was not long, and we watched the beautiful picture as it gradually faded, fainter and fainter, until the prospect became as it was before, one plain blank sea of green. In all that distance of ninety-nine miles I do not remember that our train crossed a single river worthy of the name, and none at all with a name, that I heard of, except that at Kankakee, and comparatively speaking, the dimensions of this one were insignificant. On my arrival at Loda I soon found my acquaintance of the trip to Baltimore, and before night we were all together, he and his three brothers, Volney, Abram, and William. We were telling stories of the war. Of course, by politeness I took my place as a simple corroborator of what was said and related by the brother. He was near to them, and besides so recently from the seat of war. Henry Weaver must have been about the first veteran to return to that neighborhood; at least I thought so, from the way he was gazed at and listened to. I soon ascertained that Loda was not a place likely to prove suitable for me. It would have been just the place if I could have taken a hand at farming. If I could have arisen at five o'clock in the morning, and milked two or three cows, cleaned the horses and the stable, besides doing a great many other "chores" before breakfast, then plough or plant all day, and repeat the "chores" at night—I might have been suited if I had been able to do all these, but I could not. Even the ten and twelve-year-old girls did more than I could. The town itself was a small flimsy affair of about fifty houses. The people who inhabited it were chiefly those who bought grain from the farmers at twelve

and a half cents a bushel, and made high wines of it, and a few others who sold to the same farmers calico for their wives' dresses at a quarter of a dollar a yard. Everybody retired to bed on ordinary occasions at eight o'clock in the evening and arose again at five o'clock in the morning, or even earlier. For awhile I had a magnificent time of it. I had almost forgotten that the war was going on, in my enjoyment of the task of helping to plough and to plant and in attending the little social gatherings in the neighborhood. Sometimes parties were held in the "Grove," some ten miles away to the east. When we went to the "Grove" the large farm wagons were put into shape, and pell-mell we were crammed into them, boys and girls together. Once out on the broad prairie, the horses were made to go at a round gait, and as we rushed along we inhaled the bracing, invigorating air of the fresh country, and by the time we reached the pic-nic grounds we held each within ourselves more fun and devilment than may perhaps be found in a dozen of city boys, lively as *they* are sometimes. On the "glorious Fourth of July" we had a grand time at Ash Grove. There were reading, praying, eating, dancing, flirting, but not a bit of drinking. There was neither whiskey nor beer. A full description of that day's frolic would be out of place here; besides that I have written it in another book. Although I had almost forgotten the war, I had not ceased to wear my semi-military dress on all proper occasions. I liked to wear my blouse, and sometimes added a belt around my waist and a jaunty McClellan cap on my head, and so, when about the 4th of July, 1862, the

President's call for "300,000 more" reached us, and the country got ablaze with patriotism, I was ready. I had already thought of going away in search of some place more suitable for my projects of settlement, but had arrived at no determination. When the proclamation came to Loda I first learned what patriotism was really like. Young and old became intensely excited. None but patriotic hymns were sung. The village lawyer was threatened with "lynching" because he was suspected of being a "Copperhead." The end was that I went to Chicago to spy out the land, as it were. The Board of Trade of that city had undertaken to organize three regiments and a battery to be patronized by the members, and I soon returned with my pockets full of transportation tickets and authority to recruit. Finally, about the end of July, Abram Weaver, Volney, his brother, and several others, with myself, went to Chicago, and on the 1st of August we were enrolled and became part of the "Nelson Guards," a company to be in the second regiment of the Board of Trade brigade. Then the boys each got sixty dollars as a bounty, supplied, I believe, by Cook county.

3. Before our regiment was fully organized I went on recruiting tours out on several of the railroads leading from Chicago, and on my return I found we had been christened Company "B," Eighty-eighth Regiment Illinois Volunteer Infantry. William A. Whiting had been elected our Captain in place of A. S. Chadbourne, who was raised to be Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment. Henry H. Cushing was our First Lieutenant, and ——— Lane had become the

Second Lieutenant. I was somewhat chagrined to find, on my return from recruiting, that my absence had placed me out of the field as a candidate for Second Lieutenant, which position I had been too sure of obtaining. We were now in camp at Cottage Grove, on the south side of the city, and just beyond Camp Douglas, which latter at that time was filled with Confederate soldiers, prisoners of war. Near by, and on the edge of the lake, was the tomb of Stephen A. Douglas. The plain stone marking the grave was surrounded by a shabbier iron railing, but the whole is so situated that if in the future it becomes desirable to pay a greater respect to the memory of the "Little Giant," no better location could be selected for a monument worthy of his talents and services by the admirers of the dead statesman. On the 27th of August, 1862, we were regularly mustered into the service of the United States by Captain Christopher, U. S. A. We also received our Colonel, Frank T. Sherman, of Chicago, at the same time. We were not organized and equipped any too soon, for just at that time General Buell, of our army, was on his famous retreat from northern Mississippi, and the enemy, under the command of General Bragg, were after him, and even ahead of him sometimes. The real object of Bragg appeared not to be known—whether he intended to strike Louisville, Kentucky, or Cincinnati, Ohio, was the question. We were, therefore, not allowed to enjoy our pleasant camp for any great length of time, so near to the great city, with the opportunities for getting delicacies afforded by it. But we had not been idle by any means. Our regiment was well drilled

in all the small movements in arms and bodies, and on our last dress parade the line looked like a veteran battalion. Next day after the order was received, with three days' rations and our knapsacks slung, we marched lightly through the city and to the depot on Madison street. Our company's patron, Mr. Murry Nelson, of Chicago, had formally, and with some ceremony and a speech, presented us with a costly silken banner, but it was after some time given over to storage and safety.\* We had a most disagreeable entry into active service. We were crowded into empty, open, shallow cars, used otherwise for transporting coal or other heavy merchandise, and crowded, too, to such an extent as to render our condition dangerous. Besides this we were entirely exposed to the glare of a hot sun during the day, and as it wore on toward night the weather became chilly. Although it would be wrong to say that we were being baptized with fire, yet it is true that we were nearly blinded by the black, sulphurous cinders and smoke that came upon us from the engine in front. As we got along upon our route the people, who had heard of our coming, assembled on the platforms of the railway stations and pitched whole basketfuls of cooked provisions among us, and fruits of all kinds in great quantities. These were very acceptable because few of the soldiers had as yet gained any experience with the hard biscuits, and, although we were, as a general thing, pretty hungry, not

\* A gentleman with a better memory than I appear to have had informs me that our flag was with us in the field and used there as a battle flag. Mr. Nelson holds the flag now as a valued memento of the war.

many had yet ventured to attack their rations. We learned from the people that they were fearful that General Bragg might capture Louisville or Cincinnati, or both, and afterward invade and devastate the Middle States of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. In due time we reached Jeffersonville, Indiana. Here we encamped not far from the Ohio river, and received our proper arms and accoutrements. Our arms were of the meanest kind even for that period; they were old smooth-bore flint-lock muskets changed to the more modern style for percussion caps. They were very heavy, and dreadful kickers.

4. We remained in Jeffersonville but a very short time. Then we were ordered to Cincinnati, and, very late at night, and thoroughly soaked with the rain that had fallen, we arrived at that place, and were further ordered to cross over the river to Covington, Kentucky—"Out of the way," some one said. At Cincinnati all was confusion. The enemy had been expected. General Kirby Smith and his Southern soldiers were supposed to be not far off to the south and advancing rapidly. All able-bodied male citizens had been for some time engaged in erecting earthwork defences. Having had some little experience in the army, I felt that it would not be quite the thing for me to go to camp in the condition in which I then was, especially as it was plainly impossible and out of the question to think of pitching our tents at that late hour and in such stormy weather. Our orderly sergeant, Kent, and myself somehow or another became separated from the company and regiment, and, as we were both really sick, we went with some others to the

West End General Hospital. There we were well received and treated to good fare. The prescription of Dr. Daniel Judkins, the surgeon in charge, for my ailment was, as I afterward learned, a dose of good whiskey (the first, I believe, I had ever tasted), and Kent got the same or a larger dose. This was on the night of the 11th of September, 1862. The sergeant and I both slept well that night on nice clean hospital cot beds, and before we went to sleep we unanimously agreed to believe that our quarters were immeasurably superior to those of our comrades. On the morning of the 12th we set out to find our regimental camp, and after a long and wearisome tramp over muddy roads and clayey hills, we found the men of the regiment huddled together in a bare gully not far from the Ohio river. Fortunately we were shortly afterward ordered to a more commanding and favorable position and farther to the south. Our new location was near Licking river, or Blue Lick river ; I have forgotten the correct name of it. Here we received our handsome Sibley tents, and our severe morning, noon, and evening drills were resumed. We were here organized into brigades and divisions of the Army of the Ohio. I am not certain of the designation of our brigade, but I do know that we were commanded by the present Lieutenant General Phil Sheridan. It was thought that General Kirby Smith, commanding the Confederate forces in our front, would make an attack on the city of Cincinnati, or pretend to do so, as an aid to General Braxton Bragg in his endeavor to capture Louisville. But the scare was soon gotten over ; General Smith did not venture

to advance upon our lines, and in a few days more we were ordered to vacate our camp and works, and proceed thence on a steamer to Louisville. This we did; but something was out of the way, if not decidedly wrong. Either the water in the Ohio river was too shallow, or we had an enemy at the wheel. Whether or no, we often ran aground, and on two different occasions the men were compelled to disembark on to the Kentucky shore, along which we marched in an irregular manner, to enable the steamer, thus lightened, to go ahead. While upon the shore we had no dread of meeting the enemy, and, as we frolicked along, employed ourselves in gathering and eating *pa-paws* and other wild fruits growing on the heavily wooded bank. We finally reached Louisville, and were in time to effectually check Bragg in his advance upon the city. Our brigade now consisted of the Thirty-sixth regiment of Illinois Volunteer Infantry on the right, supported by the Twenty-first Michigan Infantry. Our regiment, the Eighty-eighth, composed the left, supported by the Twenty-fourth regiment Wisconsin Volunteers. In the brigade, usually on our right, were the Second and Fifteenth regiments of Missouri Volunteer Infantry. The two latter regiments were almost exclusively made up of Germans, and were splendid soldiers. The Thirty-sixth Illinois was commanded by a large, homely-looking, and rough-mannered old fellow named Grisel. He had been engaged before the war as a freight-train conductor on the present Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy railroad. His voice was as thunder among the hills. The Thirty-sixth was a

veteran regiment, and when it joined us the men of it presented a sorry spectacle. They had fought in several battles in northern Mississippi, and had participated in the retreat from that region. They were ragged, shoeless, hatless, and otherwise forlorn, to a man. Until the regiment procured fresh supplies of clothing, and camp and garrison equipage, the men of the Thirty-sixth stole what they could from other regiments which were better provided, and when complaint was made, they called us "sixty-dollar" men, and told us to spend our bounty money. This last was said and listened to as a general thing in pretty good humor. Nevertheless, there was considerable growling and grumbling, because, whereas, the soldiers who had enlisted early in the war received no bounty, and were even paid a lower rate of wages; many also had left behind them families to suffer: we, who had just entered the service so late, had received so much ready money in hand; besides, those of us who left any dependents behind, had left them under the care of organizations of the rich and powerful, which, in a measure, assured the welfare of those dependents.

5. At Louisville there was no time for anything but hard work. General Bragg was at Bardstown, only twenty-five or thirty miles to the south, and his army of veterans had rested and recruited its strength for ten or fifteen days or more. One day's rapid march, and those veterans might enter the precincts of the city, and we be driven into the Ohio river! Engineers upon our side worked day and night in surveying defence lines and works, and the whole army and thousands of citizens besides followed the engineers in car-

rying out their plans by erecting the works. We had a long line of trench and breastworks to make besides an indescribable kind of fortification to build on a slight rising of ground on the extreme left of our line. As luck for some and ill luck for others would have it, one of the lines that we were constructing ran directly through a noble vineyard. There must have been ten acres or more of vines, and the fruit was just ripe and of a most palatable kind. The owner protested, of course, against the destruction of his fortune, but his opposition was all in vain. The rising ground to the north of his vineyard had to be strengthened by works, and the space in front of it must be cleared so as to afford no protection to an advancing enemy; so vines, fruit, trellises, and all had to go. The men fed upon the fruit, and as a result many became sick from eating too much of it.

About this time General Jefferson C. Davis, of our army, shot and killed General Nelson in a hotel in Louisville. They had quarrelled over the arrangements that had been made for re-arming and re-clothing the veterans. Jeff C. Davis complained that the men of his division had not been treated fairly, and was called a "liar" by his superior, whom he thereupon shot. That is the story that we heard, but there was much more also said at the time about the relations of the two generals toward each other. General Nelson was half liked and half disliked. After General Pope, it was boasted of him by his admirers, that General Nelson was the "best, finest, and most elegant and original curser and swearer in the whole United States army." There was some sort of inquiry held. The

excitement among the common men reminded me of some of the passages of Tacitus. A few days more, and we had other matters to think about and to talk about. While at Louisville, we shifted our camp several times. The day was thick with rumors and reports of Bragg's advance, and timid citizens ran hither and thither, apparently aimless, and filled with fear and terror. As night came on the fears of the populace grew in intensity. The orders given to pickets and patrols were very strict, and communicated in whispers. Great care and caution was exercised in preconcerting signals and in ensuring secrecy. Sky-rockets of all hues and of all combinations of stars and durations of time were continually being set off and bursting in the heavens. We were often called out twice or thrice a night by the "long roll" or the shrill "assembly," and silently we were marched to the trenches or formed into line of battle at previously appointed places. But after all, General Bragg did not come, and it is doubtful whether he ever intended to attack us, and perhaps he laughed in his sleeve as his outposts and spies reported to him the events taking place in the city.

6. Now began our first actual movement in the face of the enemy. Our troops were in excellent trim, the veterans well recruited, and the erstwhile raw troops already well acquainted with military discipline. It was said that our army had thirty-five or forty thousand fighting men on its rolls, and all three arms in good proportion for the work in hand. Our brigade was now definitely placed in General McCook's Corps de Armée, which was the right wing of the grand

army, and on or about the 1st of October, 1862, we advanced in splendid order and elevated spirits. Our brigade was near the centre of the army corps. Our route led us through the most horrible of countries. Immediately upon leaving the city, upon the southwest side of it, we plunged into a wildly broken section, through dark and dreary defiles, over high hills, and across the North Rolling fork of Salt river and other equally muddy, nasty streams, which latter we were compelled, in almost every instance, to ford by wading through the water. After the first day or two our men began to show signs of fatigue. Many fell out of the ranks, and became stragglers; surplus baggage strewed the roads, and whenever a halt was made the men took the opportunity thus offered of relieving themselves of needless articles which they had loaded themselves with under the erroneous impression that they were necessary for a soldier's comfort. Whole knapsacks, filled with kits—from shaving appliances and shoe brushes to portable writing desks—were thrown away. Many of the soldiers had foolishly invested in ill-fitting boots, and it was not until they had adopted the sensible regulation army shoe that comfort and ease in foot marching was attained. The heat by day was excessive, and pure drinking water was scarce; many suffered on that account, and kept the doctors busy in prescribing for the peculiar complaints thus engendered. However, it was not long before our raw troops learned to imitate the veterans, and by assuming the lightest marching order, straggling, sore

feet, and fainting at the same time almost entirely disappeared from the ranks.

It was said that we had been directed to proceed on that route in order to the better concealment of our formation and numbers—as if General Bragg had had no spies in the city ! We were very thankful after two or three days to find that our advance was now within a few miles of the Bardstown turnpike road, and that we were but ten miles from the enemy did not make any difference to us. The way was dark, and the weather was rainy and disagreeable, and, as we trudged along the winding roads and climbed up one side and rolled down the other of hills, the veterans started to sing a song :

John Brown's body is mouldering in the grave,

. . . . .

But his soul is marching on.

And very soon our whole regiment, then another, and in a short time the whole division caught up the strain, and then—the occasion defies description. The conformation of the country was peculiarly well adapted for producing an effect. Before the echoes from one range of hills had been spent they were overwhelmed by others, until the great conglomeration of sounds made the place seem unearthly. Late at night we filed into the great road, and pitched our bivouac not far away.

It appeared that we had made good time ; for we had reached this point somewhat in advance of the time expected, and considerably in advance of the

centre of the main army. Our expedition, however, was ill rewarded because it became our duty to sustain pickets and outposts besides remaining under arms all night. In the morning the remainder of the army came up, and in order to allow us to subside into our proper position, we were permitted to rest awhile until the others had advanced. In the field in which we had bivouacked there was stubble, and growing in amongst that we discovered a species of wild fruit called "ground cherries." These the men ate with great relish. The advance on Bardstown was made with great caution, although, as it afterward proved, without much reason for it. We formed into line of battle, and so went through the woods, fields, and depressions, but Bragg had gone. Still, we kept up our array until we were well on to the Springfield road after the flying Confederates. We were then told that Bragg never intended to pursue an offensive policy in getting so far to the North; that he only desired to hold the country long enough to enable him to secure the crops, just ripening; in fact, that he had fifteen hundred wagons laden with the supplies he had gathered; that to obtain these had been his only object; and finally, that we were to pursue him with such diligence as to compel him to disgorge the most if not all of it. On the 7th of October we had pressed the enemy all day, and our advance was necessarily slow, but late in the evening we passed through the long single street of straggling houses that altogether formed the town of Springfield, and soon after went into bivouac on the heels of the enemy. We were somewhat in front, but all night the army

was being advanced and placed into position. The enemy had turned his back and was at bay. Picket firing continued more or less throughout the darkness. I saw General McCook twice during the night. He was right in front, and dashing here and there as if determined on business. General Crittenden did not come up with his troops until morning, and then he went to our right. General Sheridan was busy too. He acted in a very common manner, and did little that night to bespeak his future standing. I believe he had not yet changed from being the Colonel of a Michigan cavalry regiment of volunteers, although he did duty as a Brigadier. There was no sleep nor rations, no fires were allowed, and we laid on our arms all that night.

7. Before daylight the next morning (the 8th) we were astir and in motion, flying to the position assigned to us, and the "Battle of Perryville" or "Cave Springs" was begun. At eight or nine o'clock in the morning we were supporting a Missouri (?) battery of four brass pieces, twenty-four-pound howitzers. The battery was planted on the brow of a hill and immediately to the right of the road, and up to the time of our arrival had been supported by the —— Regiment of Ohio Volunteer Infantry. The men of this latter regiment were now weakening, and as the fight became warmer, were preparing to fly. General Sheridan dismounted near our company, and ordered us to shoot the first man of the Ohio regiment that attempted to retreat. But we did no such thing, and the poor fellows quickly obeyed their own impulses and went to the rear, first one at a time, then in squads, and finally the whole regiment scampered

down the road. We then received orders to advance up the incline, pass the battery, and descend the other side, so that the guns could play their havoc over our heads. If I may be allowed to judge, I must say that the Eighty-eighth obeyed the order in gallant style, especially when it is considered that that was the first time the regiment had been exposed to the fire of the enemy. The bullets fell fast and thick around us, and there was much ducking of heads. As we passed the battery and went ahead, our work was presented to our view. The descent was more abrupt than long, and there were a few standing trees on that side of the hill; beyond was a stout rail fence, and then a large corn-field with the stalks standing; beyond that again there was a gentle acclivity of open ground, which ended in thick woods. In these woods the enemy was strongly posted. Three separate attempts were made by the enemy to dash over the space between their line and ours. Once they actually entered the corn-field, but a battery on our right and front caught them with a murderous fire in flank, and three times they were driven back to the friendly shelter of the woods. The object of the enemy seemed to be to dislodge our battery and thus cut off our left by gaining the road, where, as we saw the next day, they had well nigh defeated us. With continued heavy firing upon both sides, and without any particular regiment advancing beyond the rail fence, the fighting went on until after dark. We lost, as I remember, of our company only one. He was quite a young boy, named Lynn, a sort of pet of the company. He was wounded in the leg. On our left, as I have said, the fighting

had been more severe. A General or Captain Terrill and also a Captain Jackson had been killed. One or the other of the two commanded a battery that was roughly handled by the enemy during the battle. Early next morning we were expecting to renew the engagement, and advanced, first, in line of battle, and afterward on the right by companies, but there was no enemy to be met with ; he had fled during the night. We then wheeled around and encamped on the bed of the creek near the left of the battlefield. There was strong talk of General McCook having received an unsatisfactory reply from General Buell when he requested the assistance of cavalry to pursue the enemy, and that it was to the effect that as General McCook had recklessly brought on the engagement, he should fight it out with his own corps unaided. It was said that there existed a close relationship between the commanding generals of both armies ; but that was only camp-fire talk. At any rate we encamped on or near the field of battle for two whole days, and by that time Bragg and his wagons were far away. Because of the absence of rations, we were compelled to do some foraging here, and the ducks and geese in the almost empty stream were made to suffer their necks to be stretched, to help appease the general lack of food. The day after the battle we discovered that it was the division of General Hardee that opposed us the day before, and that the line that showed such temerity and courage in making the attempts to storm our battery was composed in part of the Third and Fourth Florida regiments of infantry. Many members of these two regiments were killed or

wounded, the latter captured and made prisoners of war, and it was from them we derived our information. They also told us that when they saw our regiment advance they surmised that we were "regulars," because our men wore dark trousers, whereas volunteers wore pantaloons of sky-blue materials. We took this as a great compliment. It was at this battle that many of our men had for the first time viewed a dead man, or at least the body of a person killed by violence in war, and because of the black, swollen condition of many of the bodies of the slain Southerners, a report circulated, and was believed to be true by many of our men, to the effect that our enemies had been fed on gun-powder and whiskey in order to so fire them that they should become animated to fight with desperation, and that the gun-powder caused the discoloration. On a rocky spot in the bed of the creek I saw four or five bodies, by their clothing, apparently officers of the enemy. These had been cared for to the extent of the building of a rail fence around them, so as to protect the remains from being attacked by the swine that prowled in the woods. The disgusting sight of these animals feeding upon human gore was more than sufficient to give them immunity from sacrifice by the hungry of our army. No one could be found sufficiently hardy to talk of eating of the flesh of hogs captured near the battlefield. No! No more than if we were an army of Hebrews.

8. Immediately after this we started in pursuit of General Bragg, his army, wagons and all, through Harrodsburg, Lancaster, and numerous other insignificant towns, until he and his finally disappeared far into the

Wild Cat mountains. Harrodsburg was no burg at all so far as we were permitted to see, but Lancaster *had been* a pretty little old-fashioned town, albeit it was, when we marched through it, very thoroughly gutted, and probably by the retreating Confederates. On this march we saw the camp fires of the enemy nearly every night, and reached them before they had finished burning in the morning ; often as we arrived, after climbing to the top of a hill, we were favored with a sight of a large part of the enemy's forces and long lines of wagons winding along around the feet of the hills and through the valleys beyond, apparently at a snail's pace, and not very far from us, but in reality the rear guard of Bragg's army was seldom within several miles of our advance, and the whole army was moving at a rapid gait.

During this march, also, the President's proclamation in relation to the emancipation of negro slaves came to be understood by the people of the country, and they began to realize that all the chances were against the existence of slavery after the ensuing New Year's Day, unless the South in the meantime were eminently successful in the field. There were some in our army who were almost seditiously inclined ; officers resigned their commissions rather than be engaged in the forced emancipation of the negroes. Said they, "We enlisted in this war for the maintenance of the Union, and not for the purpose of protecting the negro." Such, however, were in a wonderfully small minority when compared with the great mass of the army. The latter were called "Abolitionists," whether or no, and thought it not wrong to take the game as

well as the name of "nigger stealers," so that when an able-bodied negro would come and crave assistance in his hiding from his "massa," we took him in and he became a servant for us until he could do better. There were also grave differences in the construction of the terms of the proclamation among the superior officers of the army. The great mass of the army were in favor of at once giving assistance to negroes desirous of getting their freedom, but our General commanding seemed to think that in relation to slaves and slavery a sort of *statu quo* was decreed until the first of January then ensuing.

Even the famous doctrine of "contraband of war" was ignored by General Buell. Often at night, when we had pitched our camp, might have been seen the traditional slave-driver, riding upon a mule and wearing a broad-brimmed hat, and carrying in his hand a stout cowhide whip. He would be searching for his negroes who had joined our ranks as we marched past his plantation. When any such were found the master hastened to headquarters, and there he obtained an order that the runaway be delivered to his alleged owner. Now it was the turn of the other side to grumble and be indignant; said they, "We enlisted to save the Union, and not to catch runaway slaves." Many openly refused to obey such orders, and in one or two instances which came under my direct observation a mutiny was barely avoided. We had at one time a lively young negro come to us, and he implored our protection from his cruel master. He was very intelligent and bright—almost another Harris. We gave him a camp kettle to carry for us, and he did it

cheerfully for the rest of the day. As was usually the case, when we had reached our place of bivouac, up came the master puffing and blowing as if he had ridden a long way and at a very fast gait. He soon espied his "chattel," and made a demand for the possession of him, but we were enlisted on the side of the poor negro. There were but few "War Democrats" among us, and we refused to comply with the owner's demand. Then he went away for an order, but we knew that he might soon return, and so we secreted the slave in another company, and when the owner did return with his written order and backed by a staff officer to enforce obedience, the negro was *non est inventus*, and thus we baffled the process. The man was shrewd, however, and perhaps he was helped by the advice of those in authority, for, when on the next day we had recovered our man from his hiding place and reinstated him within our company ranks, and as the poor negro marched lightly under his burthen, no doubt congratulating himself that every step forward widened the distance between him and his hated condition of servitude, up came the owner, backed by an officer of the general staff, who, we were given to understand, was no less a personage than General Fry, chief-of-staff to the commanding general. This looked bad for the negro, and he quaked with fear and his thick lips looked bloodless. The opposition we made was strong, and it even went so far that the column halted, and more than one musket was brought into position to shoot the officer, so great was the indignation at what was considered an outrage. But no overt act of mutiny was committed beyond what I have

said, and the officer, whoever he was, rode on his horse into the ranks, seized the almost fainting victim by the collar, and jerked him out and into the roadway. As he was thus ruthlessly torn away, the poor fellow gave us in his immediate vicinity one look of despair that I shall never forget as long as I live, and, as he was formally turned over to his master, his cries and howling rose loud above the shouts of indignation raised by the men of our regiment. It is not hard to conjecture what the nature was of the treatment the runaway received at the hands of his master. Feeling, as I said before, ran very high against all concerned, and but little more was required to provoke that which would have forever closed the career of General Fry then and there. This was not far from Lancaster.

9. At Crab Orchard the weather became quite cold. We had no tents, and our other baggage had most of it been left behind at Lancaster. We had now lost sight of the enemy entirely. Bragg was safe in the mountain passes of that country, and if it had ever been the intention to catch him, the opportunity to do so was gone for a time. No power but the elements could reasonably be expected to prevent him from crossing the mountains with his army, and plunder. Besides, our bases of supplies were not then situated so as to be calculated for a campaign beyond, in East Tennessee; so we were halted at Crab Orchard. Our division was in front, and was deployed out in a grand line enclosing within it several high mountains and deep valleys. As we drew in our cordons we were successful in capturing and bringing in very many strag-

glers from the enemy's army. We had pity on many of them, because it was not hard to see that the event was anything but honorable to them. Many were conscripts, forced against their wills to take up arms, and they had purposely allowed themselves to be taken, and so perhaps that they might be able to return to their homes not yet so far away. At Crab Orchard, too, the boys did some foraging for themselves. Near our place of bivouac there was a large field of sugar cane, of the kind called "sorghum," and there was a mill placed near the centre of it. The grinding apparatus was of a most ancient and primitive style, but the men inserted fence rails where there should have been lever poles, and used their own power for lack of horses or steam, by which means there was soon procured a large quantity of the juice, and that being boiled down upon a fire near by, produced a sort of syrup or molasses. Personally, I had quite an adventure while on grand guard, or picket, near Crab Orchard. In company with another man I had just got to the top of a high hill when I saw far down in the winding valley beyond a wreath of smoke ascending above the trees of the dense, primeval forest. Where there was smoke of that kind there might be a house, and we reasoned that if there was a house with a fire in it, there ought to be something to eat inside, so we determined to investigate. After a long, tiresome, and tedious brush through the trees, over streams, and across bottom lands, we suddenly came upon a log hut, and we perceived that it was from there that the smoke came that we had seen. As we approached, a dog by its barking warned the occu-

pants of our coming, and as we emerged we saw one of them lolling against the doorway to the hut. He was a tall, lank, yellow-looking fellow, clothed in dirty, ragged, home-spun garments, a coat of one color and trousers of another, but he still wore upon his head a small gray military cap. Fortunately we had our guns loaded, and my companion covered the native and ordered him to get outside entirely and raise his hands above his head. This order was obeyed with reasonable alacrity, and after he had shuffled and wriggled himself into the proper position, I demanded who he was and who was with him. He answered civilly and straight enough that he was a poor man and living there and cultivating the small patch of open ground in front of us. He swore, however, without us asking him, that he was no "Reb," and therefore we did not believe him as to that. On going inside I saw a monstrous sized Dutch oven on the open hearth, and within that was a large batch of corn bread just done to a turn. On a rude table there were set enough of cups and saucers and broken knives and forks for three or four persons. I left my comrade to take care of the prisoner, while I secured a portion of the contents of the oven, some butter, and one or two other things, a few red pepper pods, and such, and then I returned and sent my companion in to search the place. No sooner had he turned to enter the house than our prisoner took to his heels and fled like a deer into the deep woods. He was off and out of sight before I could fire my musket, even if I had wanted to, which I did not at that time because it might have brought a dozen of the enemy to fight us

two, and that would have been serious, if not fatally to our disadvantage. As it was, we saw that the best thing we could do would be to hurry away as fast as we could, and we had barely got out of the woods before we heard the howling of two or three dogs almost at our heels. We hurried along without any knowledge or thinking of where we were going until after we had scampered helter-skelter some distance, when we fell in with a small party of our men. While sharing with them our plunder, which was enjoyed by all with great relish, we laid before them the particulars of our adventure. Then it was agreed that all of us should return to the hut and see farther into the affair. This we did, approaching very cautiously, and this time effectually surrounding the place, so that no one could escape. Thus we succeeded in capturing four men in the shanty. Only two of them, however, had arms, and one of them was wounded, so we left the wounded man and the one we had first seen, and marched away with the other two and with the captured arms in our possession until we fell in with a detachment of our provost guard, to whom we delivered our prisoners.

## CHAPTER III.

CONTAINS AN ACCOUNT OF THE MARCH FROM CRAB ORCHARD, KENTUCKY, IN OCTOBER, 1862, UNTIL THE RAISING OF THE SIEGE OF NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, AND THENCE ON UNTIL THE EVE OF THE ADVANCE ON MURFREESBORO'.

1. UP to this time I have said little or nothing of the *personnel* of my immediate comrades. The truth is, that the recollection of a great majority of them has faded from me; but notwithstanding that, I will endeavor in this place to do the best I can under the circumstances, in telling who and what they were. Our Colonel was Frank T. Sherman of Chicago. He, or his father, or some other relative of his, owned or controlled the "Sherman House," a large hotel in that city; at least that is what I remember having been said of him in the regiment. In person he was tall and slim. He had a darkish red face and prominent features, suggestive of a tincture of Indian blood. Both in his face and temperament he was decidedly biliously inclined. Perhaps I would be better understood if I said that his whole countenance

was Cassius-like, and he was on the whole considerably more feared than beloved by the men of the regiment, in so far as I noticed. In age he was then probably forty-five years. I can truly say and affirm that, although I saw him every day for nearly five months, I but rarely saw him smile, and never heard him say a kind word to any one. On one occasion, however, he gave a sign of there being something in him which, if assiduously cultivated, might have redeemed his character. It was while we were marching from Louisville, Kentucky, and about the second or third day out from that place. We were winding up hill, plunging into ravines, and the rain fell in torrents upon us. The "boys," as I have elsewhere mentioned, had been singing

John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave,

and that other one,

We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more,

and such like songs, in an uproarious manner, and had stopped, apparently for want of breath, as they plodded along the ascent of a steep hill. Having reached a more favorable ground, the Colonel, who was just in advance, gave out the command in clear, ringing tones :

*"Prepare to pucker! PUCKER!"*

At this the first company gave a shout, and soon the whole regiment caught it up, although the men to the rear of Company "B" could not possibly have had the slightest idea of what they were shouting at or for. Then followed more singing, of course, and the next

day the Colonel was credited as the possessor of some humor.

Lieutenant Colonel A. S. Chadbourne was a mild-mannered, blue-eyed man, and about as fit for hard military service as a delicate woman might be. However, he had a full beard and whiskers, and looked well on horseback. He had formerly been a commission merchant in Chicago, and was very much liked by the men of the regiment, but I never remember him to have distinguished himself in the field or upon the march. Who our Major was I have utterly forgotten. Dr. Coatesworth was our regimental surgeon. He was a large, jolly-faced English-Canadian, if I remember aright, and it was said that he was a good customer at his own medicine chest, especially for "quinine and whiskey," minus the quinine. Dr. Rankin, our assistant surgeon, I knew better. He was a different kind of man altogether. He did not carry himself so high as the surgeon did, and at "sick call" the boys were sure of receiving a kind word and good advice as well as the regulation dose of castor oil. We were all very sorry when the Doctor was detached from the regiment and sent to one of the general hospitals in Nashville. Captain William A. Whiting, of Company "B," was rather a nice-looking young man of twenty-eight or thirty years of age, but I never liked him sincerely because he exhibited on numerous occasions a marked affinity or partiality for one of the several "cliques" of which the company was composed. This was the "Gridley clique," made up of about a dozen men, headed by our Orderly Sergeant, and who hailed from a town of that name

situated far in the interior of the State. Our First Lieutenant was Henry H. Cushing, a bright, soldierly young man, somewhat younger than the Captain, but taller and more dashing in appearance. He wore mutton-chop-shaped whiskers and had a light or reddish growth of hair. He was not heeded very much in company affairs, and I never remember him to have been in sole command. Some time before I terminated my active connection with the company he had been detailed away as Acting-Quartermaster of the regiment. The Second Lieutenant was named Lane. He was a heavily built young man, and of a dull, stupid disposition. He had nothing much to say at any time, even if he knew of anything to talk about. He was absolutely a "Gridley" man, pure and simple. It is easily to be seen that I did not belong to that "clique." There were, as I said before, several of them. There were the "Loda" boys, the "Onarga" boys, etc. If I belonged to any clique at all, it was the "Loda" one. In it were Abe Weaver, Volney, his brother, Ed Stemp, and some others, besides myself. As in all companies of men any way numerous, there are bound to be notable characters in more or less variety, our company was not an exception. First and chief of ours was Tommy Corrigan, a small-sized but tough specimen of an Irishman, and as occasion required, he had the command of every bit of wit and brogue his mother gave him. He was the "funny man" of Company "B," and often got himself out of a severe scrape by the judicious use of his mother wit. While we were encamped on Mill Creek, near Nashville, the Colonel had a milch cow, but no guards

could be got who were honest enough to protect the teats effectually, to say nothing of the whole beast. One and all, they purloined the milk in more or less proportions to the whole, until Tommy Corrigan was picked out as a permanent guardian of the cow. The Colonel now received what he imagined was his full quantity. About the quality, it seems, he had not bothered himself much, and he was kept entirely ignorant of Tommy's generous contributions to the comforts of his company, one mess after another. One day the portion given to our mess looked rather sickly. It was suspiciously bluish and thin. When Tommy's attention was drawn to its consistency he nearly fainted. "Och, sure," said he, "an' I brought the wrong jug. Sure, yees have the Colonel's milk." Tommy had first divided the yield, and then added water to the Colonel's share, and had been giving us the pure article. Next day, the Colonel, having noticed the change, made an investigation, but by some hook or crook Tommy got out of it. I have forgotten the exact way he did it, but I do remember that it was for some time a standing joke. I never knew Tommy to be afraid of anything in front (he would as lief go to sleep on outpost as anywhere else), but from the time of the milk fraud he was very much afraid of Colonel Sherman. Our Orderly or First Sergeant was named Kent, and he was quite a specimen of his kind. To his superiors he was everything low, but toward those below him in his petty rank he was all above. When entering the army he had left a position as factotum of the rich Mr. Gridley, who had bestowed his name upon the prairie town he hailed

from, and of course he headed the "gang" from that place. Here I would be understood as saying that there was no animosity existing between what we called "cliques." The feeling never went beyond the first shade of jealousy, and oftener was restricted to a gentle emulation. Orderly Sergeant Kent was a short, stout man, of perhaps forty-five to forty-eight years of age. He had a bullet-shaped head, covered sparsely with light red hair, but he wore a full heavy beard and whiskers. He would never object to become a partaker in any of the spoils of "gobbling," but neither he nor "my son Theodore" was ever known to incur any of the responsibility or dangers of that work. Only one thing I remember of him that was humorous in any degree, and so that he might have full justice I will record it here. One time he appeared closely shaved, with a face as innocent of hair as a newly born baby's, although up to that time he had worn an uncommonly heavy beard. When his new appearance was alluded to he answered that "Other men might have their own ideas as to cleanliness, but as for me I have made it a rule to wash my face at least once a year. The anniversary has just arrived, and to comply with the rule it has become necessary for me to shave my face"; and he immediately assumed an air as if he was a fanatically inclined hydropathist. Of the rest of our company I remember but little. Theodore Kent, the son of the Orderly Sergeant, was a tall young fellow of perhaps the same age as myself. He, of course, never lost sight of the exalted rank of his father. With him the whole war was a family matter. He was wounded in the foot at the battle of

Murfreesboro'. George Rodney was a tall, raw-boned Englishman, and, according to the Colonel, was a great coward. He furnished an illustration to Assistant-Surgeon Rankin when the Doctor praised the endurance of small men on the march as compared with that of large men. Ike Crawford was an overgrown, jolly prairie boy, and his bosom friend, H. Burr, had the proper temperament to restrain him from going too far in his devilment. Lorenzo Martin was another of whom I have some recollection. Also in the regiment was Alfred Rogers, who was literally a “white man.” He was English. He had white hair, white eyes, and a very white skin. I may have something more to say of him hereafter.

Now as to the term “gobbling” that I have used, it may be necessary for me to give some definition. Indeed, I doubt very much whether any one who has not seen service will be able to understand the term without it. The word as I give it is not to be found in any of the standard dictionaries. I may therefore be allowed to state in relation to it that in every mess of five or six soldiers there was to be found one or more experts in foraging for provisions and other necessities and luxuries not provided for in the regulation “ration” or camp equipage. A piece of butter, a jug of milk, a frying pan, or a coffee pot, besides turkeys, geese, and chickens, were all alike luxuries to the soldiers, and it was the duty of the “gobblers” to procure them when needed. In some messes whiskey or the peach brandy or apple jack of the country was very welcome. This was often done by purchase or trade, but whether or no, such things were had—literally

“gobbled,” or taken away without heeding the owner’s dissent, or caring for his opinion as to what the price ought to be. That was “gobbling” as I understood it.

2. We remained in the neighborhood of Crab Orchard for some days, and until every fence rail had disappeared in the making of camp fires. Then we started on a countermarch toward Stanford, but we did not go into the town. Just as we drew near to Stanford our orders directed us across the country. Down went a fence as if by magic, and we moved into the most beautiful beach forest I have ever seen in my life. There must surely have been thousands upon thousands of acres in it. All the trees seemed to be as like one another as soldiers in a line, and apparently they were of the same age and size. There was no undergrowth of brush, and the smooth-barked trees shot up like so many giants of the sands, and were ranged in such a manner as almost to suggest scientific regularity. Underneath was thick grass of a peculiarly beautiful green color, over which we marched as if upon a velvet carpet. From this forest we emerged in due time, and got upon the high road near Lancaster. On reaching our place of bivouac we found it to be a large field of stubble. As we were without tents, it became our greatest care to protect our precious bodies from the night cold. We were drawn up in a line of battle, and the commands given, “Stack arms,” “Unslung knapsacks,” “Break Ranks.” No sooner was the last order given than each company, leaving a guard over its line, the rest broke, pell-mell, like a flock of sheep, for the fences, and in

an incredibly short space of time the fences were demolished, and the dry cedar rails of which they were composed were doing good service as fires in front of the line, and upon which supper was being cooked. During the process of cooking, the regular "gobblers" had descried afar off, on the top of a small hill, several stacks of what looked like straw, and very soon after the knoll to the right of us and about half a mile away presented a scene as if a thousand overloaded tumble-bugs were at work. Some were going up empty and running, and others were coming down with loads of unthrashed grain upon their heads and backs. On this occasion it was a shameful waste; for what we used for bedding was splendid oats in sheaves. During the next day or two we reached Danville, but we were not permitted to have more than a view of the city. We supposed it was because we were nearer to headquarters now than we had been at Crab Orchard. The army saluted the city by forming into parade column, and with arms at support, colors up, and bands playing, we marched along the main road that skirted the city on its northern side. About a mile or so beyond we halted on the Lebanon Pike road and went into camp. This camp was made memorable on account of the fact that a full ration of fresh beef was dealt out to the army. A great many of the men had now given out. The heavy marching, aided by the irregular diet and constant exposure, had given them all sorts of diseases, and while we were encamped not far from Lebanon Junction, on the Louisville and Nashville railroad, those who were so sick as in the judgment of the medical staff to be

unfit to pursue the march, were sent off to the various hospitals in Louisville, Kentucky, and Jeffersonville, Indiana ; and those whom we had left behind in those places came up with us ; among such was Volney Weaver, of our company. While we were near Lebanon Junction, too, snow began to fall, and we suffered very much from the lack of tents. The snow as it fell was soft, and made the ground sloppy and uncomfortable ; for we had to lie down on the naked, newly ploughed land. Near Newmarket our mess huddled together within the angle of a rail fence, and contrived to cut some branches of trees to protect us from above, but our device was very unsuccessful. During one night the rain and melted snow fell upon us so much through our imperfect covering that when we got up in the early morning we found we had been lying in a pool of muddy water, and our blankets and clothing were both in a most disagreeable condition. Now we started on another grand race. Bragg had entered Tennessee by the way of the mountains, and was posting for Nashville as fast as his army could follow him. Nashville was already besieged, and its garrison reduced to considerable straits. General Negley, the commander of the Federal forces at that place, had had his supply route entirely cut off by the enemy's cavalry under Generals Wheeler and Forrest, and now Bragg might bring his whole army and reduce the city with its rather slender garrison. There was a railroad running direct from Louisville, on the Ohio river, to Nashville, on the Cumberland river, but the enemy had broken it in several places. A guard of raw troops from Indiana, which

had been placed at Mumfordsville for the protection of the railroad bridge at that point, had been captured before we moved from Louisville, and the structure destroyed. This also interfered with the issue of rations to us ; we were oftentimes very short, and had to rely upon the very scanty resources of the country through which we marched. When we arrived at Green river our whole army was compelled to wade it, which was done at a deep ford not far from where the bridge had been, and to the east of its late site. The water was nearly three feet in depth, and many of our soldiers were disabled in consequence of the event. We passed on, however, in reasonably good order, and travelled south, now on the railroad, now miles from it, and again crossing it, as our route led us. We finally got upon the "State road," the making of which, we were told, was a masterpiece of Henry Clay's statesmanship. Through deserted villages and past ruined farmhouses, joking the while with the grinning negroes who straddled the fences, we went on until in due time we reached Bowling Green, and we went into bivouac about a mile west of the railroad. I am pretty sure that the place is not so well entitled to its name now as it was when we were there. Then it was indeed a "green," and "bowling" too. I understand there is a town there now ; then, there was nothing but a lot of ruins of burnt houses, and a temporary building erected where the railroad depot might formerly have been, and that was used as a commissary depot. The country around was wild and uncouth, rough and muddy, but perhaps that was owing to the season of the year we visited it. We

here received our tents again, and retained them until the advance on Murfreesboro'. There was something of great importance going on at Bowling Green, and we were regularly mustered, but what it was we could not tell. It was on toward the first of November, and many thought the muster was for pay. We remained there perhaps in all two or three days, and then started on our march again. When we reached a place called Michellville, in Kentucky, the secret came out, and we then knew that Major General Rosecrans had assumed command of our army in the place and stead of General Buell. This was generally hailed as a happy change, but why, I never could learn, and I supposed it was only because General Buell was liked less than a man the army did not know, and besides, it is notorious that soldiers are great lovers of change. We then passed through many more deserted places, amongst which I remember Tybee Springs, a sort of fashionable resort. Soon afterward we struck the State line, and amongst numerous others I too straddled the square stone monument which marked the boundary line between the two States. It was the *thing* to so sit that one should have a leg dangling in either State.

3. On the 6th of November we reached a point within striking distance of Nashville, and the siege or blockade of that city was raised. Next day (the 7th) we marched in good order and pitched our camp at Edgefield, a suburb or sister city of the capital. Edgefield is situated on the north bank of the Cumberland river, and is built upon a comparatively low, swampy, flat stretch of land. On the other side of

the river is Nashville, towering far above, being built on very high bluffs. Our camp was in a beautiful place, and not far from the river, and the whole army generally improved the opportunity thus afforded of cleansing their bodies and clothing. We were not very short of rations, as I can remember, but it seems that the cavalry and artillery were sadly in need of forage for their animals because of the difficulty of transportation from Louisville, which still remained our base of supplies. Two days after our arrival at Edgefield a heavy foraging expedition was organized, of which the Fifteenth Missouri Infantry, the Eighty-sixth Illinois Infantry, and our regiment together formed the greatest part. There were at least two thousand infantry, besides some cavalry and two small howitzers, all under command of our Colonel. Of course, as usual, we, the men, were entirely ignorant of our mission, and we remained so until we had proceeded some distance to the west and on a road that ran parallel with and close to the north bank of the river. Here we were halted to allow a long train of empty army wagons to get into a proper position. Into them we were placed, ten or twelve men in each wagon. Then we started again, and had gone about five miles or more when our route led us into a thick forest and through a dense undergrowth of brush and bushes. Our fatigue party now had work to perform. Axes were procured and put to employment; trees were felled and the underbrush cleared to one side so as to make a sort of road for our expedition. Most of the infantry were ordered to pile their arms into the wagons, and to assist the mules to move the wagon

wheels over the singular road as the fatigue party progressed with its work. This was indeed very hard labor, and our expedition made but slow headway. The fatigue party making the road were assisted by frequent details from the body of the infantry troops. Several times our advanced troops were fired upon by straggling groups of the enemy's cavalry, but as they were in no considerable force, we were in no danger whatever of any serious collision. When we had travelled a considerable distance and climbed a wooded mount, we reached our objective point, and emerged into a large land bowl of nearly circular shape and perhaps two miles in diameter. All around the rim were the dense woods we had forced, except only on the southerly side, which had for a bound the great river; but the bluffs there were so high as to render the place totally inaccessible from that side. Within the enclosure there were several well cultivated farms, having good, substantial, comfortable looking houses and appurtenances. The whole appeared to be a settlement of so many families, who had for some particular reason thus chosen to isolate themselves from the outside world. Here there were no evidences of war's desolation: not a fence rail out of place, nor a straw stack touched, nor a road turned up. As we descended the slope of the approach to this scene of conservative civilization, the command was given to "file right and left" from the centre, and soon the immense train of empty wagons was placed in some fields, while the whole basin was surrounded by armed men. It seems that this beautiful spot had been doomed to utter despoliation. It had been a depot of

supplies and a place of retreat for the predatory forces that had so worried General Negley during the blockade. The farmers must have been warned of our coming, for we found all the pig-pens empty and the stables and stock yards nearly so, but what was very significant, the bars or gates were all down or open. The men not actually on duty, apparently fully aware of the design the farmers had in turning out the stock, posted off to the woods, and forming large circles, they gradually drew closer and closer, until they succeeded in catching, as it were in a net, a numerous lot of fat hogs, sheep, horses, and some few milch cows. The pigs were immediately despatched with the musket, and, if the brutes did not die fast enough, there was no compunction exhibited as the men severed the hams from the still quivering trunks—the rest of the carcass was left to rot. Meanwhile the contents of the granaries belonging to the various farms were emptied into the wagons : corn, wheat, oats, in sheaf and otherwise, hay, straw, and, what was very highly esteemed, a large lot of corn fodder, or leaves of corn that had been cured very much as hay is cured. But the enterprise of the pork hunters had resulted in the making of an unexpected discovery. As one of the several parties was hunting pigs they were led by the prey far into the deep woods, and there they found an immense corn crib, containing, it was said, more than three thousand bushels of the precious article. The commanding officer was soon informed of the discovery, and very quickly the unfilled wagons and those only partially filled were sent to the place. One disclosure led to another, until no less than five such depots were

found, and in a short time every available wagon was filled to its utmost capacity. The well beaten ground by which each crib was surrounded left no room to doubt that what we had fallen in with were provisions stored for the use of the guerilla bands of cavalry of the enemy, lately in the neighborhood. The farmers having denied all knowledge of the existence of more forage than was within the honest view, of course received no certificates from the quartermaster and commanding officer for the corn found in the woods. That night we bivouacked on the premises, but in an extra guarded manner, to prevent any kind of surprise, and early the next morning, having cast our blight upon what was so fair the day before, we started on our return march to Edgefield. That was rather a jolly tramp. On nearly every wagon were piled or hung dead hogs, sheep, venison, poultry of all kinds, and even hares that some of the men had caught. Tied to a wagon, was the Colonel's new milch cow, and as I was on duty as an orderly for him on that expedition, I had an opportunity to see and note that he was in a continual state of anxiety over that cow until it was safely haltered to a tree at the rear of regimental headquarters. We reached our camp in due time, and without having suffered a single casualty that I heard of, excepting the loss of one man of the Eighty-sixth Illinois Infantry, who was killed by the falling of a rotten tree as we were going out. We received flattering commendations on our success. For the next few days there was high carnival of fresh meat and game in our camp. After remaining in this place about a week longer, we again struck tents, and took up our

line of march over the bridge into Nashville, and out again on the Nolansville pike road, and there we encamped on Mill creek, about five miles from the city. I visited Nashville various times, and went into several of the different forts by which the approaches were guarded and defended. Fort Constitution or Fort Confiscation stood on an eminence called "Constitution Hill," on our right and rear and overlooking the Franklin road, which led to the south. Long lines of cotton in bales had been so disposed as to form breast-works in different directions, but the lines were now broken, and the cotton had been taken away by friends and foes in about equal proportions. It appears that when the city was blockaded General Negley had proclaimed a sort of martial law, and had seized upon all the cotton he could find for defensive purposes, and the soldiers and citizens had vied with one another in the task of hiding a bale here and a bale there, in out-of-the-way places; dark cellars, empty houses, and negro shanties were largely used. Bed ticks were stuffed with the staple, not for the exclusive purpose of having a comfortable rest, but as a convenient place to hide a few dollars worth of the stolen goods. This proved that all had confidence in the ultimate raising of the siege, and that they also had a lively idea of the value of cotton as a provider of something substantial after the blockade was over. Much of this stolen property was secured by Government officers appointed for that purpose, but the soldiers mostly succeeded in getting rid of their plunder by selling it to citizens, and it was the latter class that got into trouble upon the investigations that were made. Our

camp on Mill creek was in a pleasant place, on a high wooded hill, and not far from the road. That is to say, it was pleasant enough after the whole regiment had worked on fatigue duty upon it for a few days. Trees were cut down, and streets made for company quarters and a broad avenue between them and headquarters for dress parade. The enemy's lines were not very far to our front, and we began to realize that outpost duty in November and December months was not a very pleasurable business. The lines were often so close that cavalry videttes were dispensed with, and so the extreme outpost duty fell to us of the infantry. We were frequently on duty for thirty-six hours without relief, but as we were in groups of four or five together, it was not minded very much. We made several reconnaissances in force from this camp, and upon one occasion drove the enemy through Nolansville, and succeeded in capturing a few of their cavalymen, and we came across a lot of empty packing cases. These latter were of European make and marks, and had evidently contained clothing, boots and shoes, etc., that had just been distributed to the Southern troops. I ought to have mentioned in the proper place that at the battle of Chaplin Hills or Perryville I noticed that some of the enemy were armed in a superior manner, with weapons of English make. The balls were peculiarly formed, and each one had a triangular-shaped indentation at the butt. It was while we were encamped at Mill creek that the following incident occurred. It must be remembered that coffee was an article of the extremest scarcity within the enemy's lines. The real genuine article

was not to be had for love nor money, and as soon as we extended our lines we found that the natives would barter almost anything for a small quantity of the aromatic luxury. Even the coarse refuse of our camp-kettles was eagerly sought for and in a manner snatched up by the famished residents. One day Tommy Corrigan came to camp and reported that he knew of a man living not far away who had plenty of good butter. On this it was proposed that an enterprise should be immediately undertaken to procure some of that luxury for our messes, and so, after providing themselves with a small quantity of the necessary coffee (for coffee was a better tender than money), several of the men, headed by Tommy, started off. On reaching the house the native bartered in good style, but failed to hide his real eagerness when the coffee was displayed to his view, and he soon closed the bargain—a pound of butter for a small tin cupful of the brown berries. He took the coffee and placed it in a receptacle within a closet, and then proceeded outside and to a cellar to procure the butter. Meantime one of the soldiers quickly possessed himself of the coffee just delivered, and put it into his haversack, which he passed to another of the men, one who had said nothing, and who was apparently not of the party. Tommy Corrigan, having secured his butter, left for camp. The receiver of the stolen coffee now commenced to dicker, and after the usual bartering, an agreement was entered into. Fortunately for the man, the native was over cautious, for he put his second purchase of coffee in another hiding place, and so failed to discover the trick, and the first rogue got his butter. It was said

at the time that the game was successfully played for two or three times more, but all beyond what I have said may be attributed to the imagination of those who gave it out. In this camp too there was something serious very nearly happening to over a hundred of the men. All straggling away from camp lines had been strictly prohibited, and more especially absence at night. Going away at night on private foraging expeditions had become so great an evil that guards were sent abroad to capture any soldiers found away from their quarters without special leave. One night (the evening before Thanksgiving) the Colonel was informed that over a hundred men were absent after "taps," and he ordered a company to turn out as a provost guard and to capture and bring in all stragglers that might be found. It may here be said that I never knew of a regiment of soldiers that did not have one company that was in a manner hated by the rest. It generally happened that such a company was called upon to perform what the soldiers designated as "dirty work." The nickname of such a company, bestowed upon it by the rest of the regiment, was usually more expressive than elegant. It was this company of our regiment that the Colonel had ordered out to arrest the boys as they returned from their several "gobbling" expeditions. About midnight the guard returned, after having skirmished far and near and succeeded in capturing nearly fivescore of the marauders. The whole presented a ludicrous scene as the procession, strongly guarded, moved into the parade ground, a motley throng of guilty looking fellows. Some had dead chickens, others geese; one

had a live goose, which he vainly strove to prevent from cackling, thrown over his shoulder; others were in pairs, and upon a fence rail they carried between them was slung a blanket tied by the four corners, and the thus improvised bag filled with potatoes, yams, and such like plunder. The whole lot were at last ranged in a semicircle in front of regimental headquarters, and very soon the Colonel came out of his tent. He had already retired for the night, and when he appeared he wore nothing but his underclothing. These were of scarlet flannel, and in the flickering lights he looked very much the ideal Indian chief, "heap mad." How he did give it to the unhappy prisoners! Cowards, thieves, scoundrels, prefixed by a selection of the most florid adjectives, were of the mildest of his terms of reproach and denunciation. It was said rather boastingly by his friends and admirers at the time of his assassination by General Jeff. C. Davis, that General Nelson was "the biggest fighter and the tallest swearer in the army," but if he excelled Colonel Sherman in the last mentioned accomplished vice, he must indeed have been a most horribly profane and foul-mouthed man, and, barring the manner of his taking off, it was good riddance when he was killed. After a filthy harangue the Colonel regretted that his orders were to send the prisoners to brigade headquarters, and thus the punishment was not for him to pronounce; and he concluded by directing the commander of the guard to conduct the prisoners to Colonel Grisel's quarters. This was hailed with joy by the hitherto crestfallen captives, for they well knew that Colonel Grisel had a disposition much dif-

ferent from that their own commander had exhibited. In a short time the procession reached brigade headquarters, and the body guard were wonderfully astonished at the untimely visitation, and hallooed and challenged as if the enemy in force had entered the camp. At last there was heard above all else the most terrible of oaths and cursings. It was from the acting brigade commander; but when he emerged from his tent he burst out into a violent fit of laughter and cursings mixed together. The guards were cursed for disturbing him in his sleep and he laughed at the predicament the prisoners were in. He finished after some time by directing the guard to dismiss the prisoners, whom he counselled not to be "caught" again, and he ordered all to be ready to go with him on a recognizance in force at an early hour that morning. This disposition was fortunate for the "gobblers," because General Sheridan, our division commander, had a regularly organized provost-guard which he kept busy in the enforcement of discipline, and it would probably have fared very hard with them if they had been passed to his headquarters. Sure enough, we did go on a recognizance in force early that morning, and that was the last we heard of the scrape.

5. At this camp too the Thirty-sixth regiment (Colonel Grisel's own) had an opportunity to show its mettle. The regiment had been without a sutler ever since it left Louisville (I do not remember that our regiment ever had one), and now their regular store-keeper appeared with two or three large wagons filled with different kinds of goods. The men had either got rid of all their money or were unwilling to spend

what they were possessed of, and I heard besides that they harbored a grudge against their sutler. This, however, did not prevent a large number of the soldiers from offering their services in assisting in the work of unloading the wagons, and as soon as a large chapel-tent had been raised, they were busily engaged in transferring from the wagons to the tent, boxes of crackers, boots and shoes, tobacco, canned fruit, etc. Somehow or other, a large quantity of the stuff that was carried in at the front found its way out at the rear, where ready and willing hands took whole packages and quickly conveyed them to the company quarters. This was discovered after a while, but not before hundreds of dollars' worth of goods had been taken away. The search for the purloined articles was both fruitless and dangerous. Next day the men of the Thirty-sixth Illinois were diligently engaged in card-playing. One man would be possessed of an odd shoe, and after finding a comrade having the mate of it, both would engage in play to decide between them who should have the completed pair. Other stakes were also put up; for instance, a can of peaches preserved in brandy against two pairs of stockings, a plug of tobacco against a lot of soft crackers, and so on, until it was laughable to see the way in which the men disposed of the plunder. I believe the whole regiment, guilty and innocent alike, were compelled to pay the sutler after all by a per capita tax assessed at the next pay-day, which occurred soon after. At this camp the men suffered for lack of money; coffee was about the only means of trade; a cupful of grains was the "dollar" of the

soldiers, and the value of almost everything obtainable in the way of provisions was gauged by that. We had been regularly mustered for pay on the first of November, and it was amusing to hear the exclamations of delight as a rumor came out that the paymaster was near; every carriage was scanned for him, and it was equally interesting to behold the chagrin and dejection exhibited on the faces of the men as the falsity of the various rumors became apparent. At last, however, about a week before Christmas Day, the purse-holder came along, and the stringency in money matters was relaxed; the men got funds to send home, to wager at cards, purchase little luxuries, and for such other uses as the fancy of each dictated.

6. About this time a change took place in our command, and General Sill, of Ohio, became our brigadier. One cold, clear, frosty morning we were ordered out for general inspection and field exercise. We went out in full marching order until we reached a large cotton-field to the rear and left of our line, where the brigade formed in good style and executed several manœuvres under the command of Colonel Grisel. We were then formed into order of inspection, open ranks and officers to the front. General Sill now appeared, and was accompanied by his staff of officers and body guard. At the proper signal Colonel Grisel, in a thundering tone which was reverberated from the woods behind us, gave the command, "*Present, Arms!*" and the order was finely executed; every arm was presented and sword-point dropped at the same instant. At this moment General Sill should have gracefully saluted by raising his hat; but he did not, and Colonel

Grisel yelled out so that we plainly heard, "Why in hell don't you salute?" The General paid no heed to the question, if he heard it at all; but when presenting arms had nearly tired us an aide-de-camp rode up to Colonel Grisel, and by the latter we were at once placed into column for review, and marched past the General's position. This was the prelude to our movement forward, and the army hailed it with delight as promising a change from the incessant drilling, picket duty, and monotonous camp life; besides, the men knew that the enemy was not far off, and those who had never met him were eager to show their prowess, while those who had were equally anxious to pay off old scores. On the whole, the men were in excellent spirits and of lively dispositions, and these generally desirable qualities were demonstrated at times in a very robust manner. According to the stories of the planters in the neighborhood, our men had stolen their horses and mules (negroes had ceased to concern them, because it was close on to the day fixed by the Emancipation Proclamation for the complete freedom of the blacks); but according to the understanding of the officers and men in whose custody or under whose control such animals were found, they had been lawfully taken, either by confiscation in the fortunes of war or had been sequestered by the Quartermaster's Department, and duly receipted for, upon which receipt the Government was supposed to pay. Upon the presentation of a very flagrant case, however, the higher authorities gave the original owners permission to search for their property, and when they succeeded in finding it an

investigation was had and the animals restored if such action was deemed right. In this way many horses and mules were returned to their former owners, but by far the greatest number were so secreted and changed in appearance, that no matter how sharp were the eyes of those in search of them, they were not discovered. It was most laughable to see the chagrin of old men as they hunted from regiment to regiment for their property. The men would misdirect them, and when the poor old men reached the place designated and asked if their mules had been seen, they were told, "John Morgan's got your mule." Then a mischievous soldier would call out, "Old man, here's your mule," and when the citizen had hurried to the spot he was answered as before. John Morgan was a noted free-rider on the side of the South, but he got a great deal of a name that he was not fairly entitled to. Not only were citizens thus made sport of, but if an officer or orderly chanced to be disliked or unpopular, and in many cases whether or no, he would be hallooed to as he galloped along, and advised to "grab a root," or to "hold on to the saddle." The officer or orderly would become mortified, and oftentimes act as if he was really in danger of falling off his horse. Then the men would laugh. Rank rarely secured exemption, but the mischievous soldiers would give their advice under cover of a tent or from amongst a crowd when it was addressed to a more exalted person. Also about this time I severed my active connection as a private of the company, and against the remonstrances of my Captain, I was detailed as a "Bugler," and attached to regimental headquarters.

## CHAPTER IV.

CONTAINS AN ACCOUNT OF THE ADVANCE ON THE ENEMY BETWEEN NASHVILLE AND MURFREESBORO', AND INCLUDES THE BATTLE OF STONE RIVER AS FAR AS I PARTICIPATED IN IT—THE NARRATIVE BEGINNING ON CHRISTMAS DAY, 1862, AND ENDING ON THE 31ST DAY OF DECEMBER, 1862, WHEN I FOUND MYSELF A PRISONER OF WAR IN THE HANDS OF THE SOUTHERN FORCES.

1. ON Christmas morning we had received our orders, and were ready. We had all written to our friends in the North, many for the last time; we had exchanged our fine "Sibley" tents for the new "shelter tents"; the money (two dollars per man) that the General Government allowed as an enlistment premium, and which had been retained by our company patron and by him expended, had come back to us in the shape of an excellent rubber blanket apiece. On the morning of the great Christian festival we broke camp and made an advance of about a mile, where we established a strong outpost and went no further.

It was said that General Rosecrans was not ready. He was "a good Churchman," and did not believe in fighting on Sunday nor in undertaking a movement on a holy day. This was the talk amongst the soldiers, and I only give it as such. Next day, however (the 26th), we were on the march in earnest and full of fight. We were much lighter baggaged than we had previously been, and we met the enemy before we were an hour from camp. Our division (Sheridan's) went through Nolansville with a rush. I had just time to notice that Nolansville consisted of about half a dozen miserable shanties. The most pretending seemed as if it might have been a school-house, but the small sign over the door, with the legend, "TIPPLING HOUSE," upon it, dispelled all such illusions. The road thence led up a long and steep hill, and as it got on toward the top it was wooded on either side. In the woods, and half a mile in advance of us, an Ohio regiment had a lively fight, during the afternoon, and succeeded in driving the enemy, besides capturing two English rifled cannon, a few horses, and several prisoners. The enthusiasm of the army was well nigh unbounded at this success so near the outset, and although we were formed into line of battle not far to the rear, we were envious of the regiment that had had the honor of being in front of us. That night we laid on our arms in an open field on the left of the road, and near the foot of the rising ground, but protected in a measure by some heavy woods near us. The light, drizzling rain that had been falling all the afternoon, had increased to a torrent, but the excitement engen-

dered by our proximity to the enemy served well to keep up our spirits. Besides this, our new arrangements for camping were admirable. Two men slept together. One rubber sheet on the ground, and a woollen blanket on that, then another woollen blanket on top with the shelter tent and rubber on the outside. In this manner the two men between were effectually protected. On the next day and the next we skirmished with the enemy continually, and our regiment came in for a good share of the hard work. Our company being on one of the extremes of the line, it was usually deployed when skirmishing duty was demanded, and so I had plenty of opportunity for using my bugle. The road we were on had a macadamized bed, and would have been a good one to travel upon had it not been for the excessively wet weather ; as it was, the surface, in level places, was nearly ankle deep in liquid limestone. On Saturday night it was reported that the enemy had changed front and formed his new lines in another direction, between Stone river and the town of Murfreesboro'. It had been raining all day, and the night promised to be only murkier and gloomier than the wearisome day had been, and when we ascended the hill on the right of the road, the men felt in any but elevated spirits. Just as we had received orders to stack arms in the place selected for our bivouac, the sky cleared just above the western horizon, and for about the space of half-a-minute the sun appeared in indescribably great glory—then vanished. This was instantly taken as a good omen, and the drooping spirits of the soldiers rose at once, and the army gave a tremendous shout that rent the air ;

the noise of that cry from the tens of thousands of throats far exceeded the uproar of the great battle fought a few days after, and, as the shouting was re-echoed from the clouds, as it were, the incident was awe inspiring. It was a scene worthy of the hand of a master painter, when the men in tired disorder turned, some with their arms yet in their hands, and others in the act of disengaging themselves from the usual impediments, the whole scene illuminated with the peculiarly beautiful halo of that sunset, and the crimson light shining upon the animated faces of the men. This lasted, however, for only such a little while, and we sank upon the wet grass to rest our weary limbs, and to eat what was left of our three days' rations. The next morning (Sunday) was clear and cold, and we heard with dismay that the enemy's cavalry under General Wheeler had intercepted and cut off our supply trains from Nashville. It was again given out that General Rosecrans would not follow the new direction on Sunday, and we were to have rest. But rest without rations was not so good a thing as with them. Early in the morning an order was received by which each company commander was directed to send six men on a foraging expedition for his company. There was no doubt about this—it was the first legalized “gobbling” that I had seen. In a wondrously short time after the order was received it was executed, and more than executed, with spirit and alacrity. Instead of detailing *six* men out of each company to go out and procure provisions, most of the companies left just that number behind and no more, the rest going out as “foragers.” Foraging is the name, I pre-

sume, when legalized, and "gobbling" when not. That is a plainer and more concise definition of the latter term than I gave in the previous chapter, and I think myself justified in recording it here and abandoning my former explanation. Of this particular expedition I can only describe the part taken by the squad I happened to be with. We went, six or seven of us, through the woods, over hills, across "bottoms," through fields, and over rivulets for a mile or more to our right and front, without meeting with any prospects of success. Then the incorrigible Tommy Corrigan, who was of our party and some distance in advance, by a loud exclamation told us that he was not far from a prize, and we saw at a distance of half or three quarters of a mile to the right and still to the front, a large, substantial mansion and numerous out-buildings. We hastened our steps, and after clearing unnumbered ditches and fences, we entered a long lane in which we formed into line, with Tommy Corrigan on the right as undisputed commander. We soon reached the place, and, as an "institution," found it to be greater than many of the "towns" we had passed through, although the latter generally boasted high-sounding names. The mansion itself was a large two-story building of wood, and had the inevitable hall running through the centre of it, and an immense chimney built upon the outside on each end. The second story was almost an exact copy of the first. A sort of porch ran up to the roof, and the door leading into it from the second story was exactly like the front door below, even to the knocker. There were numerous outhouses, granaries, meat-houses,

stables, root-houses, and henneries on one side of the main structure, and on the other a village of negro huts lying low and irregular, like so many smashed tiles. Before we got to the lawn entrance we met a negro man who was nearly scared to death. Corrigan, pointing his gun (which was empty) at the man, ordered him to approach us, and he came toward our position fairly dancing with fear. From him we had a terrible tale. His master was a rebel of the deepest dye. Only the night before he had captured a "Union soldier," and had conveyed him to Murfreesboro', where the poor fellow was to be shot for being a "spy." The master was "cruel to his slaves" as well. He had shot or hung several of the negroes who had attempted to run away. We now held a council of war, and having informed ourselves of the nature of the surroundings, as to the number of inmates, the locality of the provision stores, etc., we advanced toward the house. When we entered the lawn gate we saw a fat, jolly looking old planter standing in the doorway of the house. He was perhaps sixty years of age, and appeared as if during the whole of that period he had lived upon the best that the land afforded. But he had a gun in his hand, and, as Tommy Corrigan drew his musket to his shoulder, he gave the command, "Drop that piece," and the "piece" was dropped as if it had been red hot. Then we advanced and seized the old gentleman. He was very belligerent—in fact, full of opposition—but we soon disarmed and set a guard over him, some distance away from the house. On ransacking the place we found the planter's wife and two daughters. They

boastingly told us that the husbands of both of them were in the Southern army, and would revenge any injury we might do. We tried in vain to make them understand our situation—that we were only after forage, and intended no harm to them personally. We could do nothing else than order them out, and place them under guard with the husband and father. On a closer inspection we discovered that the uncleansed dishes in the kitchen amounted to more than would ordinarily accrue from a meal of four persons, and this led to an examination of the old man. He insultingly boasted of his capturing the “Union spy,” and threatened that before long the “Confeds” who had breakfasted with him that morning would return, and—well, if they had come then and accomplished what he threatened, I never would have had this opportunity of writing. If the old man told the truth in his violence, he was the most brutal enemy I had yet met. He confessed to almost every offence a “War-Rebel” could be charged with. A long opinion was delivered by an eloquent member of the Twenty-first Michigan who was of our party, and the result was the old man was given permission to take ten minutes and secure what he wanted out of the house. This he refused to accept; neither would the women secure anything. They were then bound, the negroes were ordered to the rear, and the plethoric meat-house was plundered. When we returned the provost guard took charge of our prisoners. Of the negroes we made beasts of burden, and they carried our plunder of corned hams, bacon, sausage, meat, potatoes, apples, etc. After a

few days, and when I was a prisoner in the hands of the enemy, I heard that the man whom the planter had captured and sent into the town had been executed as a spy, or as a deserter, or something like that ; but I was afterward consoled by the information that the old man got his deserts as a " War-Rebel " when he had been in Nashville a little while. For hours on that afternoon and evening we were engaged in frying our meat and cooking the rest of our confiscated rations.

2. Early on Monday morning, the 29th day of December, 1862, we received orders to prepare to march. There was not much work to do in the way of preparation ; all our surplus meat had been cooked and packed away, and before sunrise the regiment had been told off by companies, knapsacks were packed, bayonets unfixed, and everything in readiness to start on our tramp. Now took place the preliminaries of a change of front. Our regiment filed into the road, and marched and countermarched in the most admirable confusion, now forming in a field on the right hand in order to permit some other regiment to pass us, or to allow some flying battery of artillery to take its proper position, and again advancing and retreating with no ascertainable object. Finally, after manœuvring for two or three hours in this manner, we were properly placed, and upon gaining a point about a mile or a mile and a half to the rear of our camping ground of the night before, we struck off from the road, on the northeasterly side of it, and plunged immediately into the midst of a dense growth of stunted cedars. There was no road, and as we went along like

a band of stragglers, all our guidance was for each one to follow his leader. We were frequently compelled to stop, and in the wildest of places, owing to the inability of the troops in front to move with expedition. There was not the least sign of civilization to be seen in any direction—nothing within our view but the closely growing cedars. In many places the trees seemed to be growing upon the bare stones, and we saw many narrow but deep crevices in the rocks—so deep that the rumbling of pebbles thrown into them was heard as they rattled down the sides for many seconds. About noon we had the first of several “scares,” but all our fears were without sufficient cause, for no enemy could possibly be in a position to hurt us while we were so enclosed. We were now in the depths of a vast cedar forest. The men employed themselves during the halts in gathering and eating juniper berries from off the trees. Many jokes passed around on account of the berries—“These are used to make gin,” etc. The atmosphere of the woods in some places was so impregnated with the aroma of the cedar as almost to make it unbearable. Late in the afternoon we met a detachment of our troops in charge of some prisoners who had been captured a short time before. The captives being anything but submissive or docile, we were assured that they had not been captured by their own connivance; they were no willing stragglers; and from that we argued that we were not far removed from an active enemy. I noticed that the rank and file at once assumed solemn countenances. All hilarity ceased, and the ranks were kept closer, as was always the case when we were convinced

of our proximity to danger, and from that time the march was conducted in a more regular manner. Toward nightfall the order was given to halt, call a roll, and note to be made of absentees. This was obeyed, and then we moved on with close column, and soon after emerged from the funereal woods, crossed a few fields, and at last got upon a good macadamized road. This proved to be the Murfreesboro' pike-road, and we all felt as if a heavy burden had been removed from our bodies as we filed almost gayly on to the solid roadway.

Here we formed again. There was work to be attended to immediately. We had not proceeded far when the shots we had previously heard were supplemented by the sight of the men who had fired them. Just in our front was a strong skirmish line, formed of the Second regiment of Missouri Infantry, and it was engaging a like line of the enemy situated at no great distance beyond. We were quickly formed into line, under cover of a rail fence on the right of the road. Our regiment remained in this position for about half an hour, during which the rapid firing continued; then we again formed into column left in front, and proceeded along very cautiously. We had received strict orders prohibiting the least noise, and about half-past seven o'clock we silently filed into a cornfield on the left of the road, and as we halted we were told to stack arms, sentries were placed, and we were allowed to lie down and rest. This was the most uncomfortable place we ever bivouacked in, not only because the known proximity of the enemy irritated us and kept the men

restless, but the field had but recently been freshly ploughed, and the rain that had fallen just before had made of the soil a nasty, pasty mud above ankle deep. During the night we were frequently called up to arms by the ominous "long roll" or the shrill blast of the "assembly." About ten o'clock p. m. the Colonel ordered an inspection and report of arms and ammunition, and the stock of death-dealing munitions having been ascertained to be uncommonly low, the company commanders received a severe reprimand.

3. There was not much sleep all that night. We could see the glare of the enemy's camp fires not far to our front, and we frequently heard the rustling noise as of large bodies of troops moving from one place to another. The incessant whistling of locomotives and the continual rumbling of cars denoted that we were not far from the town of Murfreesboro', and that unusual activity prevailed there. Some miles to our left, so an aide-de-camp who had been lost informed us, our troops had had a severe engagement with the enemy, but the Michigan Regiment of Engineers and Mechanics had succeeded in destroying a railroad bridge at a place called Tri-une. Long before daylight on Tuesday morning we perceived that immediately in front of us there was a line of earthworks that had been evacuated by the enemy the day before, and apparently in some considerable haste, because the Southerners had left behind them a number of articles, such as cedar-wood canteens, miniature lager-beer kegs, wooden spoons, and empty meal-bags. About daylight a final alignment was made, and the regiment was

formed in double column by division on the colors. Then the Colonel made a speech to the soldiers. Said he : " You are once again near the enemy, and more honored than you were upon the previous occasion, because you now have the immediate front. Already," said he, " you can hear the preparations for the battle ; all night you have been within plain view of the enemy's camp fires, and it only remains for you to advance this morning with exhibitions of your valor, so that by an early success we shall begin the work of a day that will end in a crowning victory." Many of those who were not remarkably well up in military history were informed for the first time that a certain Irish regiment, bearing our number (88), of the English army had achieved immortal renown upon the field of Waterloo. In magnificent and soul-stirring periods we were urged one and all to " emulate the glorious example of that gallant corps," and then, in the same strain, he imitated the ancient generals in the way we are told they used to fire the hearts of their soldiers and animate them to deeds of valor, by depreciating the quality of the enemy. We were told that " the Rebel horde in front of us " was " composed of a lot of half-starved, ill-clad, semi-barbarous rag-amuffins," the " white trash " of the South, whom even the negro despised, in order to defeat whom it was only necessary for us to show ourselves ; continuing, he said, that " while *we* are the soldiers of the Union, fighting for the very existence of that Union, founded by Washington and cemented by the blood of our ancestors, the patriots of the Revolution, your enemies are endeavoring to undo all your fathers did, and found

an empire upon the basis of human slavery." In this manner the Colonel harangued the men for nearly half an hour, when our lesson in oratory was brought to an abrupt conclusion by an aide-de-camp from somewhere, who communicated marching orders. On receiving an intimation from the Colonel I sounded a blast that brought the regiment "left into line," and in less than five minutes more we were on the road. It was ominous now to see the manner of proceeding. As we had usually marched, the band, with its rub-a-dub-dub, was in the front; then followed the Colonel, solemn and alone; then came the staff, and each company commander was at the head of his men; but now the order was reversed: the band was in the rear; then came the Colonel and his staff; the company commanders were at the tail end of their respective company columns, and the regiment being "left in front," and Company "B" being the left company, and Tommy Corrigan being the smallest man in it, he had the honor of being the actual leader. We advanced slowly, expecting we knew not what, until we reached our picket line of the night before, when we relieved the men of it and halted for orders. At this halt Dr. Coatesworth, our regimental surgeon, began *his* preparations for work; he directed each of the drummers and fifers to place a piece of yellow rag around his left arm, and was proceeding to have me do the same when I appealed to the Colonel, who was near by, and asked him if Company "B" was not going to skirmish; if it was, the men might need a bugler, and at any rate I did not wish to be a non-combatant. The Colonel laughed grimly, and

replied that it was quite likely Company "B" would soon be skirmishing, and perhaps doing something else more serious still, and he gave me the desired permission to go forward to the head of the regiment, and there report to the Captain. To the Captain I told how it was that I became ordered to report to him, and on learning the circumstances I was received enthusiastically by the men.

4. After advancing for some three or four hundred yards we came upon a squad of the enemy's cavalry, and a running fight ensued, we killing one and wounding three others, without suffering any casualty on our side. The enemy fled as the regiment filed off from the road and formed into line on the double quick. Then we advanced again, and when we reached a point where the road took a turn to the left we made another formation in some grand cedar woods on our right. Here Companies "A" and "B" were ordered to deploy as skirmishers, with Companies "F" and "G" as a reserve for them. When all was ready, and by the Captain's orders, I sounded the "Deploy as skirmishers," "On the centre deploy," and "Forward," and away we went through the woods. The musket balls from the enemy came thick and fast among us, but as we were protected by the large trees, we suffered very little if any at all. Our men fired at the enemy near the end of the woods, and then each man dashed forward to the cover of the most convenient tree, where he reloaded and prepared for another dash. Next I was directed to sound a "Rally by fours," which being done in tolerable shape, an order to go forward was given, and when I had

again sounded a "Halt" and "Deploy," we had cleared the woods and were in full view of a beautiful cultivated space, shut in on all sides but one by the dense cedar forest. The open side was toward the south-east, and was formed of a sort of "bottom" or morass. The woods on all other sides but the one we were on were filled with the enemy, and from the farther end on our left was a battery that had got our range, and was rapidly sending shells and solid shot into an inconveniently close proximity to our line. The fire from the enemy's small arms did no harm because it went too high. The open space alluded to was the theatre of all I saw of the real battle, which had now commenced in earnest. It was a single cotton plantation, and comprised several fields of various shapes and sizes. Toward the centre of the opening was situated the planter's house, surrounded by the usual complement of outhouses and negro quarters, and on one side, to the left of us, there was a large barn-like structure, and that was a cotton-gin and press. We continued to fire as rapidly as we could, and always aimed in a general way in the direction of the battery and where we saw the smoke of the enemy's small arms, but I could not see whether our shots did any execution. About noon we were informed that in order to perfect our line of battle, it was necessary to carry the open space and clear the woods on either hand, and thereupon the Second and Fifteenth Missouri regiments on our right darted out of the woods. They were exposed to a very heavy fire, but they did not flinch nor make a halt until they had gained the woods beyond. The infantry were closely followed by

a battery of four pieces. We watched with eager interest as we saw the gallant Germans course across the cotton fields and over fences, and enter the woods beyond. This was our time, and we were ordered to advance on the double quick into the opening and take up a position in front of the mansion. At the sound of the bugle Companies "A" and "B" went from cover and swept across the fields under another heavy fire, but the men succeeded in gaining the house, the lawn, and the adjacent out-buildings. A battery now took up a position on our former line on the edge of the woods, and engaged the enemy over our heads. Meanwhile the Missouri regiments and the battery which they supported fought the battery and the infantry of the enemy in their front. It was now too late in the day for a regular battle to be brought on, but the active skirmishing and artillery fighting increased until nearly the whole of our corps front was engaged. The soldiers of both armies were in plain view of each other, and the rattle of musketry and the roar of cannon were heard from afar on either hand. We had now within our view the higher buildings of the town, and we thought that on the morrow, perhaps even that same night, we would gain the prize. Again an advance was ordered, and the men ran gallantly over another field or two and laid themselves down close by a fence, the new line thus formed bringing them more to a face with the enemy. The Missouri regiments too made another dash, and gained a still more favorable position for shelling the woods. The battery which they supported speedily followed and took the

new position—all save one gun that was placed *hors du combat* by a well directed shot of the enemy. This was about half-past three o'clock in the afternoon.

While in the last mentioned position and beyond the house the fire from the enemy was terrific. The earth near by was torn by the shot, and shells exploded very near to us. Musketry balls literally fell like hail, and as they struck the ground they sputtered and sizzed like great hailstones. Here, about five o'clock in the afternoon, and just as the fire of the enemy had decreased to almost random shots, Abram Weaver, my bosom friend, was killed. He received a bullet right in the heart, and as he fell he died without a groan. In the charge to obtain this position Captain Smith, of Company "A," fell, wounded, but how, I have forgotten. I was with the Captain of my company when Abe Weaver fell, and we stood about ten paces to the rear. The men were warned to lie flat on the ground, and all except Volney, Abe's brother, obeyed. Volney was frantic with grief. I shall never forget the terrible look upon his face. I was directed by the Captain to take him to the rear, and he came with me easily enough, but as he went along he nervously clutched his musket, and swore to be revenged for his brother's death. We passed safely through a shower of bullets on our way, and when we reached the dwelling house I conducted Weaver to a comfortable place, and as he had become quite sick, the doctors prescribed for him. As I was about to return to the front, Generals Sheridan, Sill, and two or three others, accompanied by a numerous staff, came up, and as they peeped around the corners of the house at the

battle going on in front, the bullets came pretty lively, and I remember that I was amused at the manner in which our commanders dodged the fire. General Sheridan swung his cloak around his body, and said something that made us all laugh. I am sorry now that I have not preserved the joke. After dark there was nothing but desultory firing by either pickets, except that up to about seven o'clock our battery and that of the enemy kept up a sort of duel. I went out to where the body of Abe Weaver lay, and after securing his diary and papers, straightened out his limbs. Among the documents I found was one that has some bearing in showing the character of our volunteer soldiers. That a young man possessing such talents as the work proclaims he did should be called upon to sacrifice his life will certainly tend to give future generations an idea of the cruel character of the war, and it is to be hoped that the thought will act as a warning against the evils of fratricidal strife. I have kept a copy of the lines, and give them here. They appear to have been written in an ecstasy of patriotism.

Oh ! that I could now command the elements,  
And guide them on their universal routes !  
I'd confine them all on this fair land of ours ;  
And then, with thunders loud and strong,  
Louder than what sometimes doth fright our souls,  
And tempests such as would draw out mountains  
From their solid rocky bases, and hurl them  
Far into the turmoil of the sea—  
I'd teach them all to proclaim LIBERTY !

Oh ! that sheets of vivid lightning I could rend  
Into an Alphabet that all might read,  
In living characters that, like the adamant,

Would stand the freaks of nature and defy them  
 For a thousand times a thousand years!  
 I'd concentrate on high its powers of brightness,  
 And let it vie with the eternal font of light,  
 And with that shed its light and heat all round,  
 Into the smallest nook and vale of earth,  
 In every hamlet and in every hut,  
 Where freedom now, and where it doth not shine—  
 Oh, yes! if I could now have full command,  
 I'd write (and under it ETERNITY)  
 The glorious legend, LIBERTY!

5. About eight o'clock we reformed our line near the house, and left only a picket where our advanced position had been. All the wounded were taken to the house, where their hurts were temporarily dressed, and they were then sent to the rear in ambulances. The body of Abe Weaver was brought in and laid at the foot of a tree in front of the house, and a piece of cord wood placed under him for a head rest. I saw him at a late hour, and as he lay upon his back, with his eyes open and a smile upon his face, he seemed to be peacefully gazing up at the stars, which but dimly lighted the sky. They say that the body was decently interred during the night, but I did not see it done. In common with the many thousands of others, it may be said of him that

Those who in their country's cause  
 Their young life's blood have shed  
 For what in right and justice was,  
 Do but sleep: they are not dead.

Each drop of blood shall rise again  
 With multiplying power;  
 Each wound, each groan, each sting of pain,  
 Shall have its recompensing hour.

Thy youthful blood, though poured like rain,  
Upon thy country's altar,  
We'll prove has not been poured in vain  
When treason dare assault her.

Examples live, and so shall thine  
Unto the latest ages ;  
Thine epitaph, unwritten now,  
Shall be the work of sages.

Sleep then a patriot's sleep,  
In glory's honored bed—  
Live on in History's brightest page,  
Thou brave, heroic dead.

We found the house moderately well supplied with necessities. Linen shirts, cloths, and sheetings were utilized by the doctors in the manufacture of bandages. A quantity of edibles was found, and far down in an outdoor cellar a box of tallow dips was discovered, and the latter articles were very welcome indeed. We also came upon several bee-hives, and after we had obtained from them all the honey we could they were set on fire. This brought an order from the General directing us to be more careful. There was no use in thinking of sleep that night, and I do not believe there were many that got any—none at all except, perhaps, Tommy Corrigan. He, as I said before, could sleep anywhere. The house was pretty well filled with wounded and dying men, and the doctors were busy attending to the wants of the injured and in making preparations to receive such as would claim their services on the morrow. After midnight the Captain of Company "F" (I think, of our regiment, and who was at the time under arrest for some cause or another), and two other men whose names I have also

forgotten, engaged with me in playing cards. I mention this as one of the phenomena of military life. We four were surrounded by dead and wounded men, within earshot of the shrieks and groans of our poor unfortunate comrades, and yet we not only could engage in playing euchre, but, taking no heed of the chances against that day being our last on earth, I remember that the nominal stakes were as eagerly sought after and played for as if we were far away and safely ensconced in some peaceful back parlor. Oftentimes since, when engaged in a social game, the playing of it recalls to my mind that memorable night, and I start almost shuddering as I think of it. All that night there was hurrying to and fro, and from far behind us came the noise as of cautious activity in our main army, and from our front there was more than occasionally heard the ominously low, rumbling sounds of massive life and preparation. All this kept our imaginations busy in fighting for the supremacy, but the cards were victorious, and we did not become affected very much. About four o'clock in the morning of the last day of 1862 we four players were suddenly brought to our feet by hearing the sound of regular firing from the enemy's front, and we got outside of the house just in time to see a large body of the cavalry galloping back through the morass I mentioned before. We saw the flashings of their guns as they wheeled around and made another fire. Soon all was bustle around us, and the wounded men were hurriedly placed into ambulances and taken to the rear. I saw Dr. Coatesworth take himself off in anything but a gallant manner. For awhile all was preparation, but

as soon as the first streaks of dawn appeared the firing of the outermost line became general. As soon as it was light enough the batteries on either side engaged one another, and before the sun was fairly up the infantry of both armies had commenced the bloody work.

Up to seven or eight o'clock our men stood their ground well enough, but a little later the woods in front of us fairly vomited forth clouds of the enemy. At the place where our advanced line had been the evening before the conflict became almost a hand-to-hand fight. Numbers fell on either side. About this time a shell exploded near where I stood, and a piece of that, or else one of the shower of bullets that fell, deprived me of my bugle. It was torn almost into two pieces. I experienced then a very curious but indescribable feeling as I carefully examined myself to ascertain whether or not I was wounded. It was the most agreeable surprise I ever felt. The battle raged thus, now driving and again being driven, until ten or eleven o'clock, when more clouds of the enemy emerged from the woods, and by some signal those who had been fighting in front fell upon their faces, while the fresh troops, with wild, unearthly yells, ran over the prostrate bodies and took the lead. This was too much for our men, and the line gave way and fell back to the house, and there, under a galling fire, reformed. But the enemy had massed his forces in our immediate front, and line after line came as I have described the first two. It was as if a tide of steel, wave succeeding wave, and with such impetuosity that nothing on earth in the

shape of an army could withstand it. I saw the Thirty-sixth Illinois and the Fifteenth Missouri, and some other regiments, make two gallant charges on my right, and the enemy fell back ; but before I could get out of my unfavorable position the brave Union regiments themselves had to retreat before overwhelming numbers, and with that I was lost ; I became virtually a prisoner of war from that time. As our line fell back, I was in a most unpleasant predicament. I was between the contending armies, and in equal danger of being killed or wounded by my friends as by my foes. I remember seeing the Eighty-eighth in one disorderly mass near the cotton press, and the Colonel was wildly gesticulating as if endeavoring to have the regiment rally and form into line ; but I also saw that he failed altogether, and the men hastily retreated in a demoralized manner to the woods in the rear, which they entered near where our first skirmish line appeared the day before. That is the last I ever saw of the Eighty-eighth, and I cannot claim a share of whatever fame or glory the regiment earned afterward. I was told that General Sill, our Brigadier, was killed about eleven o'clock, and at a place not far from where I stood. Soon there were two lines of Confederate soldiers between me and safety, and now I got bolder and stood near the fence that ran in front of the house. Then I encountered another line of the enemy, but they brushed past me and offered me no harm. I was only the recipient of some cursing and swearing, and called a "damned Yankee," and they went along. General Cheatham and his staff soon after came up to where I was, and to one of his attend-

aunts I believe I gave some misinformation. Up to this time I had been in considerable danger from our own men. The enemy had moved so rapidly that the fire from our batteries intended for them, and which was supposed to retard them in their advance, had fallen far behind and around the locality where I was. More than one of the shells from our batteries exploded, and several of the solid shot of our troops landed in or near to the house, which was now filled with wounded men. Major Miller, of the Thirty-sixth Illinois Infantry, already hurt, was, I think, further wounded by one of our own missives. Sergeants George Cole and Charley Swan, of the Twenty-fourth Wisconsin, were also inside, wounded. A shell exploded in one room, and put five or six poor fellows out of their pain and misery entirely. The scenes inside were too terrible to be depicted, at least by me.

7. The fighting went on in this way, but far to my rear, until about two o'clock P. M., when the rear or provost guard of the enemy came up, and I, with others, was formally taken prisoner. This guard was deployed as skirmishers, or at a little wider intervals, and had to perform the twofold duty of preventing desertion from their own army and of gathering prisoners and plunder. This particular guard was composed of a regiment called the "First Louisiana Tigers," and was commanded by a Colonel Jacques. It was a New Orleans regiment, and the ranks of it were mostly made up of Irishmen. The Colonel told us who he was, and offered to parole us then and there. During the afternoon, and amid the roar of cannonading and the incessant volleying of musketry, and

while we could see the clouds of dust and hear the shouts and clash of battle far and near, a lot of us unfortunates were disarmed, herded together, and marched toward the city—prisoners of war. By him who has never been in the like circumstances, I believe it to be utterly impossible to conceive the nature of our feelings as we tramped over the ground that the night before we were so confident of gaining as victors in the then impending battle. “’Twas not to be,” and we were led, or dragged, into the town : and amid the wild exultations of the inhabitants and the brutal raillery of the soldiers, we were thrust into the courthouse enclosure. We were tired, weary, heart-sick, and sore. Here I found that I was but one out of many hundreds. There were besides myself George Rodney of my company, and Alfred Rogers and Chauncy Walworth of the regiment, and many others with whom I had a speaking acquaintance. After awhile we were ordered to proceed upstairs in the dingy courthouse, and into a small office ; there we gave our names, rank, company, and regiment, and were relieved of all our surplus baggage ; that is, tin cups, plates, knives, forks, woollen blankets, and other articles. I was well searched, and Abe Weaver’s diary and letters, which I had secured the night before, were closely scrutinized, but found innocent ; my small portfolio, containing fine French paper, and which was concealed in a breast pocket, was not discovered, but I had a very difficult task to procure exemption from seizure for my rubber blanket. This concluded, we were allowed to again enter the yard.

## CHAPTER V.

CONTAINS A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF MY SOJOURN IN THE SOUTH WHILE A PRISONER OF WAR IN THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY, AND THENCE ON UNTIL I ARRIVED AT BENTON BARRACKS, NEAR ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, WHERE I REPORTED TO COLONEL B. L. E. BONNEVILLE, U. S. A., ON THE 10TH DAY OF APRIL, 1863.

1. I HAVE on a previous occasion written a very full account of my stay in the South while a prisoner of war in the hands of the enemy, and because of that, and for the reason that it is my desire that my narrative may not appear to be drawn out too much, and become tedious because of its length, I have determined to give only a general account in this place of that period. Besides these, there is one other reason why I should not at this time particularly rehearse the sufferings and trials we underwent, and that is because many suffered to a greater extent by far than I did, and they have had their recorders by the score. The treatment which prisoners of war received during those unhappy times will be taken notice of by the

writers of the history of the war when it comes to be made up. For my part, I would rather erase from my memory, if I could, the sad side of the story, and retain only that by which I was benefited, the traveling, changes of scene, and the acquaintance I made with the manners of the different people with whom I came in contact. And although I may frequently have to say that our men suffered, the wounded from lack of treatment and all from lack of food and exposure, yet I am almost ready to apologize for many of the shortcomings of the enemy in these regards, because in nearly every instance they treated their own forces no better than they did us, and this too for the very good reason that what they had not themselves could not very well be furnished to us.

Early on the morning of the 1st of January, 1863, I was awakened by being trampled upon by some of my mates in misfortune. It was a dismal change from the comparatively happy dreamy sleep I had been in, and which had been superinduced by the excitement and fatigue of the previous days, when I awoke on that New Year's morning. For nearly a week before, the tension on our spirits had been strained, until but little was wanting to break us down. The defeat and capture and that night's confinement in the filthy courtyard constituted the last straw, and a more broken-spirited lot of humanity than we were then it would be difficult to conceive of. It had rained all night, as it invariably did immediately after heavy firing, and now we were wet to the skin and chilled to our bones. Every joint in my body ached, and I was in great pain and torture. As soon as the

daylight began to appear we were roused somewhat and cheered by the sound of heavy cannonading and other noises of battle, and thereby we were assured that although the enemy (as they boasted) had captured so many of us (2,500), still our army was not destroyed by any means, but on the contrary was still engaging the enemy, and that too at no very great distance away. When we beheld the hurry and bustle among the Southern forces around us we even hoped for our speedy release by our army gaining an overwhelming victory. But alas ! it was not to be gained in time to save us. Upon a full and fair consideration of the circumstances, and by virtue of my own experience, I feel confident in asserting, and I think all will agree with me, that there is no position a soldier can be made to occupy so conducive to a good, strong, healthy appetite for food as that in which he is placed when he realizes that he is a prisoner of war and out of immediate danger of being killed or wounded by purposely directed bullets or stray shots, bursting shells or solid missiles. It need not be required then that I should argue the question, and it will be sufficient to say that I was very hungry, and immediately placed myself on the *qui vive* for something to eat. Early in the day an officer of the Southern forces, a sort of Commissary or Quartermaster, entered the yard of the courthouse in which I was confined and wanted labor to load wagons with provisions, as he said, for the "Yankee wounded." I instantly volunteered, and with some others went along with him. I was willing to go anywhere with anybody where provisions were to be seen, as it would be a hard matter, I thought, if

I could handle food and not get any for myself. I succeeded in getting possession of a sour ham and a quantity of flour and corn meal. With these I returned to the courthouse yard, but I found that my friends had been removed, and I had to follow them a long way through the slush and snow to a bivouac not far from the railroad station on the south side of the town: my note-book says it was near a jail, but I do not remember seeing it.

2. There was great activity in railroad matters; but we did not know that General Rosecrans was to gain such a splendid victory as he did on the Friday ensuing. We received in this place our first ration, and it consisted of a small quantity of sour, coarse, and dirty corn-meal. Brine scraped from the inside of empty pork and beef barrels was used in the place of salt, and the men cooked the corn-meal by first wetting it to about the consistency of plaster, and daubing old flour barrel heads with the mixture: the preparation was then held against a smoky fire built upon the ground until it became dry. Early next morning we were marched out of the enclosure and taken nearer the railroad track, and after a couple of hours' shivering in the cold slush and snow we were driven into a train of cattle cars, seventy or more of us unfortunates in each car, and the whole train hurried away to the south as fast as the poor railroad facilities would permit. At Tullahoma we were delayed several hours in order to allow other trains to pass us on their way to Murfreesboro'. At this place we saw the marks of previously used defence works, trenches, stockades, etc., which we were told had been erected by one of

our armies on its retreat the summer before. The country around Tullahoma looked miserable; the whole appeared to be covered with a dense growth of stunted pine or cedar, and the people who visited us on the railroad were just as poor looking; what with their ragged, dirty, homespun garments, and their universal, uncouth, half-starved looking countenances they were indeed a pitiful set. After a long and wearisome ride we finally reached Chattanooga. Our entry into this famous place was made some time during the night, and we were at once conducted to the west side of the town, through the cold rain and sleet, and thence to a deep hole in the mountains, in which we were interned without tents or other protection against the disagreeable weather. In the morning we partially discovered where we were. The southerly boundary of our prison was formed of the Tennessee river, and on all other sides were high mountains, not very much unlike the place we so successfully foraged near Nashville a month or so before. The wounded men suffered very much now; their neglected hurts had commenced to fester, and the torn flesh to rot. All of them were miserable, and not a few lost their senses from their pains and agonies. Those of us who were well enough to yell sought to find our acquaintances, and for an hour or so the prisoners tried to get together the men of each regiment by themselves, and during that time the shouts for the "Forty-second Indiana," and this regiment and that, gave considerable life to the hitherto dreary scene. Here, too, several of our men, who had provided themselves with enormous quantities of counterfeit

Confederate bills, and who had apparently allowed themselves to be captured on purpose, were arrested by the Southern authorities for using the commodity. They were taken away to prison, and, as we were told, received some very severe punishment. Every one of us had to produce our wallets for inspection. Many of us believed at the time that the whole was a pretended fear, and that the inspection was a ruse of the authorities to get a knowledge of our funds, because they did not appear to discriminate in their seizures of bills. One of the first things we did on being captured was to make the most we could out of our superior currency, and it was natural to suppose that the most honorable of us were liable to be imposed upon in the exchange. We now had our first picture of Southern life in war times; that is, life away from the field. We bought breakfast biscuits for two dollars (Confederate money) a dozen, milk at one dollar a quart, a tiny dried apple or dried peach pie for a dollar, and everything else there was to be had at the same high prices. The people seemed to have plenty of money, and even little boys sported pockets filled with "shinplasters." But it was "greenbacks" that all wanted, and a dollar of our money had from ten to twenty times the purchasing power of a "gray-back," as the Southern money was called. We received our second ration at Chattanooga, and it consisted of a small measure of corn-meal of nearly the same quality as the previous dole, and was cooked by the men in the same manner.

3. We remained in Chattanooga in all about twenty-four hours, at the expiration of which time we were

again put upon the filthy cattle cars, and conducted on a "strap-iron" railroad to Dalton Junction, Georgia. On our route we passed over and saw the grand mountains of that region, which have since then become so historical, but our spirits were anything else but conducive to our artistic appreciation of the scenes. Dalton is a station on the road to Atlanta, and where the railroad coming from East Tennessee joins the one going north and south. I think it was then called the "East Tennessee and Virginia" railroad. We were delayed here also, for a couple of hours, but there was nothing of interest to be seen. There was the same inanity prevailing as at the other places we had stopped at. Then we went on at a snail's pace to Atlanta, Georgia. On arriving at Atlanta we were at first conducted to a pine woods beyond the town, and although deep snow was on the ground, the place was welcome to us as offering some chance to straighten our limbs and stretch out at rest. During the night we were mustered under a strong militia guard, and by the light of blazing pine-knot torches we were brought through the sombre forest and across lots to an empty square about in the centre of the city. In the morning we were there exhibited to the wondering people of the place. Crowds of all kinds came to see us. There were throngs of young and old, white and black. It was said that there was cause for especial astonishment to many of the inhabitants for that whereas we were "Yankees," and no mistake, yet we had no tails as monkeys have, and as they had been assured the "Yankees" wore, and besides that, we had

feet very much like their own, and up to this time better clad. During the wintry day we received many marks of enmity from the populace, but I must not omit to say that I at least was treated kindly by a rebel soldier and also by a lady who lived on the easterly side of the square. The first divided his stock of provender with me and the latter sent her servant with a basket of provisions to the party in which I was. In the evening I slipped the guard, and went partially through the town. In one place I read a newspaper called the "Atlanta Confederacy." The editor of the sheet was present, and he was very jubilant and demonstrative. I also went into a store where a very long-tongued man was glibly crying goods off at auction. He had a very meagre stock, but the prices he got when compared with prices in the North were as dollars to cents or half-dimes. From Atlanta we went to West Point. West Point is on or near to a river that forms the western boundary of Georgia and the eastern line of Alabama. Before reaching West Point we stopped at one of the prettiest towns I ever saw. I think it was called La Grange. If it was not, it bore an equally pretty name. I went from the railroad some distance before entering the town. There was a large square surrounded by neat houses, and in the centre there was a fine well with an enormous but old-fashioned pump. On one side there were the post-office, a large, commodiously built structure, and an airily built hotel. But all was empty and silent. I walked along the corridors of the elegant looking hostelry, but no sound was heard save the echo of my own footfalls. I met no one to impede

me; there was actual desertion in the place. The stores too were closed and empty, and the whole place looked as if it was dead—as if it had been visited at midnight by the angel of death, and none left to bury the victims. The town had been drained of its willing fighting material, and the unwilling ones had taken to the wilds of the hills to escape conscription. I was told that each house was one of mourning. As I retraced my steps over the grass-grown street to the station, I felt it was a great pity that so fair a place should have to suffer so much. Near the depot I saw some of our men in the act of despoiling a house around which there were apparent some signs of life. After I had prevailed upon them to desist from unnecessary violence, I went into the house. Here I found Major Thomas J. Barry, of the Sixtieth Georgia regiment of infantry. He lay in his bed, where he had been for a long time suffering from wounds in both legs. He was very grateful for my interference, and he showed his gratitude by furnishing me with something to eat. Before I left him he talked with me very sensibly about the war, but of course from the standpoint of a Southern gentleman, and so for that reason it was impossible for us to agree. He told me that he had been educated at West Point Military Academy, and up to the breaking out of the war had been a Lieutenant in the regular army. Yet he refused to agree with me that that fact alone constituted a strong argument in favor of the General Government and against his native State holding the prior right to his personal services. From my experience with the people of the South (excluding, of

course, the blatant, loud-mouthed portion of it), I am led to conclude that the great power of the Confederacy was derived from a difference in the political education of the people North and South. They of the South recognized the National Government as a mere engine of convenience, having no supervisory powers over the several States, the latter being so many sovereign and independent republics—in fact, that our country was a mere confederacy. We of the North not only believed the contrary, but had been taught to look upon the Union of the States as a perpetual federation—that the Union was first, and States or communities at least second. If it had not been for this difference in training, I do not believe that the Southern Confederacy could have recruited a second army. At West Point Alfred Rogers and myself (for we had become almost inseparable companions) got our supper at the house of a Frenchman, who did not scruple in private to berate the South, its armies, president, and everything belonging to it, but told us that he hoped we had not been noticed as we entered his house. We slept that night under the platform of the depot, and had for our bed a lot of decaying cotton-seed. In the night it had rained in torrents, and when we awoke in the morning it was still falling heavily. There were fair promises made that we should get a ration of food, but as far as we were concerned we did not place much confidence in them, so that the first question that we propounded to ourselves was, “Where shall we get our breakfast?” In solving the problem we had to take into consideration the warning of the French gentleman, and according-

ly we headed our course in a direction different from that of his mansion. After a lively run through the pelting rain, and jumping numerous temporary water courses, and experiencing many rebuffs, we reached a neat-looking house, where we were taken in. The lady of the house informed us that her husband and two sons were members of the famous "Hampton Legion," and in treating us well she hoped that some one in the North would be led to do as much for her loved ones. Hers was a sad story. Her husband was far away in the East, confined in a hospital until his wounds were healed enough to enable him to travel, and when that time came he would return a cripple; one son had fallen on one of the battlefields of Virginia, and she said she had "some consolation in knowing that he was dead"; but her youngest son was she knew not where, as he had not been heard from for many months. Her recital, however, did not prevent our speedy entertainment; for, as soon as it was over, we were conducted to a dining-room, and there helped to a comparatively substantial breakfast. Nor did the sad bereavements of the family prevent the good lady's three daughters from being somewhat gay. After the meal was over we entered a neatly furnished parlor, and were treated to music and lively conversation. In due time we separated with mutual promises, names, and addresses; but I have forgotten what I received, and I doubt not that in the succeeding disastrous state of affairs in that country the memory of us soon faded from their minds as well. At a beautiful town called Opelika, in Alabama, we stopped, and found the same

scenes of destitution as we had at La Grange, in Georgia.

4. Up to this time we had good reasons for entertaining hopes of our speedy deliverance from captivity. As we understood it the programme was that we should be conducted to Vicksburg, Mississippi, that city being then a depot for the exchange of prisoners under the existing cartel; but after we had reached a point a short distance to the east of Montgomery, Alabama, we were chagrined on ascertaining that a serious hindrance to our delivery existed. I forget now exactly what it was, but I think General Grant had been making some grand movement, and that our forces had cut the communications. At any rate we were given to understand that we were to go no further that way, but retrace our steps to some point toward the Atlantic sea-board—some said Charleston, others Salisbury, North Carolina, and the rest Richmond, Virginia. While we were outside of Montgomery the men created quite a stir. They had taken the old advice about the early bird, etc., and at an early hour some of them went to the public market and bought nearly all the stuff there was to sell, and much of the money used had been counterfeit. When the citizens got up to make the usual purchases for the day they found they had been cornered. This caused a proclamation by the Mayor to be issued during the day, and we were thereby interdicted from all trade with the people. At Montgomery we received the only respectable issue of rations that we got during our entire captivity. It is deserving of commemoration because it consisted in part of roasted beef and fresh bread.

We were bivouacked along the railroad track to the east of the town, and were permitted to use some of the pine wood that was corded near by for fuel. The weather was quite chilly and cold, but it is doubtful from which we suffered most, the cold or the dense black smoke of the pine-wood fires. It was ordered that before the issuing of rations the men should form themselves into companies of about one hundred each, so as to expedite the work. Then four or five of them would get the food and make the subdivision. On this occasion there were eleven companies, but five or six men with whom I was proceeded to the place of distribution and demanded rations for the *twelfth* company, and got them. In this way we got considerable more than our share.

Our retrograde journey was not at first so lively in pleasant incidents as our forward movement had been. The wounded men began to fall off here and there, and many died in the cars. All of us were more or less in low spirits. On our journey hitherto the men had been somewhat gay even at times. The Germans were particularly so. They engaged in singing songs of different kinds, but all were alike in having uproarious choruses. It must have been startling to the people living along the road to hear in the middle of the night nearly a thousand men singing "Johnny Schmoker" and that other song with a chorus something like this :

Rituria, rituria, swilly willy wink um poop.

Now it was altogether changed, and but little ribaldry was heard. We were now told that we were to retrace our steps to Dalton, Georgia, and go thence on to

Knoxville, Lynchburg, and so on to Richmond. As we travelled along we were greeted with the waving of flags from the houses near the road, the people evidently taking us for patriots of their own side—those of us who were able raising a derisive cheer in reply to such demonstrations. In this part of our journey we frequently saw negro women ploughing the lands for cotton planting. The ploughs were drawn by single mules, and the women sang mournful tunes as they followed after. In due time we reached Atlanta again, and furnished another spectacle for the populace. From there we proceeded to Dalton Junction, some thirty miles south of Chattanooga. Here we were ordered to halt and allow some more pressing freight to pass us. Up to this time we had been in ignorance of the state of affairs in our late army, but now we got an inkling of what had been going on, and exaggerated the news that was vouchsafed to us by our enemies. We were of course correspondingly elated. The switches near the depot at Dalton were well filled with loaded trains, and as we were not very efficiently guarded, it was not long before the men found out that the cars were loaded with provisions, such as rice, corn-meal, sugar, etc. The sugar was in large tierces and so was the rice. In the beginning a venturesome man broke through the corn-cob stopper of the bung-hole or inspection hole of a tierce, and scooped out the sugar or rice with an iron spoon, but they soon went further, and broke in the heads of the casks, and the plunder was then handed out by the tin cupful. In a short time the whole party was liberally supplied, and the guard too got all they wanted.

These men were not many degrees better provided with food than we were ourselves, and had in fact stood by and winked at our depredation.

5. Proceeding on our new route, we reached Knoxville, and realized that we were then in the heart of that country made so famous by its "Union men" and "Union women" during the whole war. That is what we called those loyal people. Down South they were designated as traitors, as we stigmatized the Southern sympathizers living in the North "Copperheads." We saw much that was gratifying to us in the conduct of the people thereabouts, and heard from them many saddening stories of the horrors of the war. After leaving Knoxville we passed through Jonesboro' and several other towns of lesser note, and as we approached the mountains, we came to a break in the railroad. The road ran over a tongue of land, formed by a river doubling in its course. A few days before our coming General Carter, of our troops, so we were informed, had made a raid through the mountains of southeastern Kentucky, and he and his troops had succeeded in destroying the railroad bridge at each place of crossing. Thus, when we arrived at the river, we were compelled to evacuate the cars, wade the river as best we could, and climb the high steep bank on the other side. When we had got over we found a man of a Michigan cavalry regiment in a hotel there. He had been wounded in the fight incident to the burning of the bridges. The wife of the raider General Carter was also there, as we were informed. If I am not mistaken, I think I was told that thereabouts was the

General's home. The men had to trudge the distance of seven or eight miles to the other break, and when they arrived they were all very tired and weary. All through this section there was deep feeling expressed; the neighboring woods and mountains were filled with men who had been outlawed by the Southern authorities. One old woman, while handing to us some dried meat, told us of her husband, who had but recently been hung; another, of her husband and son, and all because they had dared to be loyal to the Union. The children, ragged and dirty as they were, were as intensely loyal as their more Southern mates were in for the Southern Confederacy, and I never heard people "hurrah for Abe Lincoln" in the North more lustily than did those women of East Tennessee. What they brought to us out of their meagre stores they would accept no pay for. Once I succeeded in remunerating an enthusiastic lady for some kindness by handing to her a quantity of pins and needles out of a "housewife" that some kind friend had provided me with, and which up to this time had lain quietly uncalled for in the bottom of my coat pocket. It appears that even as early as that the whole country was in a woful state, when pins and needles were indeed worth more than their weight in gold. By-and-by, as we went along, we reached Bristol, on the boundary line between Virginia and Tennessee. At this place I perceived my strength giving way. I was very weak by reason of lack of proper food and rest, and sick from the constant exposure. In this condition I determined to desert the over large company I was in, and

with which I had hitherto kept myself, and so my special partner Rogers and I hid ourselves beneath the floor of the depot in the town, and there we remained until the main column had moved on. Early in the ensuing morning we had succeeded in breaking open a barrel and getting possession of a quantity of flour. Eluding the guards, we proceeded to a house not far away, and prevailed on the mistress of it so that she got her negro woman to cook a portion of it for us, while she retained the remainder for herself as recompense. I have to take our hostess as a specimen of the inhabitants of the country. She was very free in her manner, and amused us by telling a long story of herself. She was a tall, straight woman of about thirty-five years of age, of a dark, swarthy complexion, and she had black, piercing eyes, with suggestively pointed features. She told us the difference between *her* kind and the people through whose country we had just passed. *Her* kind were the real Virginians—the others were the “white trash.” She herself, according to her story, was a lineal descendant from the renowned Pocahontas. As she warmed up we were pathetically asked, “What did you-uns come down *Sooth* to fight we-uns for, anyway?” We of course declined to enter into the obviously “irrepressible conflict” of opinions as to that, and by silence intimated to her that we had given up the conundrum. Our apparent defeat was as balm to her, and she enjoyed her victory in an ecstasy of triumph; but she magnanimously acknowledged that there was still no reason why “we-all and you-all” might not yet be friends. Bristol was at that time the headquarters of

some general, and I think his name was Humphrey Marshall. The town is situated amid some grand scenery. Hereabouts we saw on the one hand the range of high mountains called the Great Smoky mountains in western North Carolina, and on the other the wild, rugged eminences of the Cumberland range in southeastern Kentucky. After dark of that day my companion and I went by a roundabout way to the other end of the town, and led by a negro, we went to his master's house for supper. Here we were entertained very well, and when asked about payment the host said he would only take pay, if at all, in greenbacks, because one of his sons was engaged in smuggling medicines and other easily transported goods through the lines from Cincinnati, and could therefore use only our money. We were then told some of the secrets of the business, and were surprised to hear the extent to which it was carried on. We were told that there were many houses in our lines, and even commandants of posts, commissaries, etc., in Kentucky, who were in a sort of league with smugglers. As we returned to the depot we intended to keep as far as possible from the headquarters and other places where guards were, but as we went along, we came nearly stumbling over a man on sentry. We were at first somewhat shocked, but the guard reassured us when he saluted us by saying only, "It's a d—d dark night, isn't it?" I do not know what reply we made, but we hurried as fast as we could to the friendly shelter of the depot platform, and laid ourselves down to sleep there. When we had thought that our comrades on the cattle cars were far enough in advance

we came out of hiding and reported to the first officer we met. We were then placed upon the regular train bound east—into the first passenger coach I had been in since entering the service. At a place called Wytheville we mingled with the crowd of Confederate officers, and with them partook of the slender breakfast supplied by the hotel near the depot. We now entered a very wild and mountainous stretch of country. The cars in some places seemed to be winding up a serpentine road and running in an awful proximity to dreadful precipices. To render the situation more dangerous, it must be remembered that the rails, cars, and engine were sadly in need of repair. In at least one place I saw that the iron rails were loose. Most of the time, however, I took the sailor's advice, and kept my eyes aloft, gazing at the rugged mountain tops that seemed to penetrate above the clouds. Our train travelled so fast when compared with the regular prisoners' accommodations, that we reached Lynchburg, Virginia, just as our late comrades moved out toward Richmond, but too late to be forwarded with them.

6. The town of Lynchburg as a curiosity is probably well enough, but as a city it is much different from a Methodist's typical Zion. It is built upon the summit and sides of a high hill, and the streets are all terraces. The railroad depot was at a point at the foot of the hill upon which the town is built, and there we were caused to disembark from the train. We trudged up the steep street through the snow, nearly a foot deep, and still falling, and amid the jeers and ribald shouts of the urchins on the sides of it who were

as ragged as ourselves. I was now bareheaded and nearly barefooted. My stock of clothing had been reduced to a cloth shirt and a very thin blouse, with a pair of ragged trousers which failed completely to cover my limbs. In a meal-sack I carried what beggarly kit I was possessed of. We labored up that street until we reached another on which the Provost Marshal had his office. To that official we were reported, and I with a few others was immediately thrust into an upper room, where were already confined a number of Confederate soldiers of a low class, and who had committed various offences. The windows of the room had been boarded up so that but little light entered. The place smelled horribly, and the prisoners were wallowing in filth. Close to the wall on one side were ranged a lot of wooden pails, nearly all of which were filled with filth. I became sick immediately upon my entrance, and must have fainted, for I remember requesting to be taken out, and I was conducted, how, I do not know, to an area way far beneath the level of the street. Here water was poured over me, and when I came to myself I recognized a negro man as one whom I had seen before. I found that he also knew me, as did some others of the blacks. They had formerly been attached to some Massachusetts regiments, and had seen me at Darns-town and Poolesville early in the year before. These men took me into their quarters and cared for me. Most if not all of them had been captured during the seven days' fighting on the retreat of McClellan from the front of Richmond, Virginia. One had no scruples in boasting that he was captured while engaged in

robbing dead bodies. They had made escapes, but were now finally in prison, and served as cooks to the other inmates. These negroes were by no means ideal slaves, but Boston, New York, and Philadelphia men, and remarkably well educated at that. Of their shrewdness I saw a great deal. All had plenty of money, and in telling of their treatment of me I will also be telling how they came by their funds.

Some time prior to my advent the Southern Governmental authorities had proclaimed a sort of mongrel martial law and sequestration of sufficient power and strength to seize quantities of alcoholic liquors—whiskey, apple jack, etc.—and for which the owners were paid only such price as the authorities chose to give, be it ever so much below the market value. A cellar immediately below the Provost Marshal's office where we were confined had been converted into a sort of bonded warehouse or public store, and the whiskey that had been seized was stored therein, and it was then filled with apple jack in barrels, worth at the market price a great many dollars per gallon. The oldest of the negroes, and he who acted as a sort of officer over the rest, was in particular a sharp, shrewd fellow. He had taken an impression of the lock of one of the doors by which the great cellar was entered, and had possessed himself of a key by which he obtained access to the spirituous stock. He had for a perquisite the fat that was skimmed off from the boiling of pork and bacon in the cook-house, and this stuff he was in the habit of carrying off and selling. During the evening he proposed that I should go with him and see a little around the town. He assured me

that I would be perfectly safe while with him, and I consented. Then he provided himself with two pails, one of which I know was filled with the whiskey or "apple jack"; the other *might* have contained soap grease. He took me away by a door leading into a long, dark passage that had the appearance of being bored through the solid rock, and from which we emerged into the street a long distance from the public entrance to the prison. I was then conducted through the darkened streets, alleys, byways, and lanes, and travelled uphill and downhill for half an hour or so, when we reached a sort of "poverty corner" of the town, and upon following my darkey guide I entered a house where there was a negro frolic in full blast. I say "negro" frolic, but there were many white men there besides myself. The whole was presided over by an old white-headed African, and to him my companion delivered the pails of "soap grease." Soap grease or not, we were very welcome and had a hilarious time of it. I was not told so, but I had reason to suppose that my conductor and the host were in some sort of partnership: for I saw them divide money when the fandango was over, and my man demurred to his proportion of "greenbacks" to "Confeds." Some time before daylight we were again in the kitchen under the prison.

There remained now no doubt whatever as to our destination. "Belle Isle," "Castle Thunder," and "Libby Prison" were now before us, and threatening us, each with its horrors. By those who have experienced the like our feelings are known, but to those others who have not it were charity to hide them. I

do not now remember how long it was that we remained at Lynchburg, but think it was about forty-eight hours; then we were sent to Richmond. We presented a sorry spectacle as we left the cars at the depot in Richmond and marched down Cary street toward Libby Prison, and again were countermarched back to a place called for distinction "Castle Lightning." I do not know whether the place received that name officially, but that is what I heard it called. It was situated on a rising ground, and nearly a mile west of Libby. It was a large, newly erected brick building, designed for use as a tobacco factory and warehouse. On entering it we were conducted to the third story, a large, well lighted room, and very clean. We found confined there hundreds of citizens of the more respectable degrees. Many before their capture by General J. E. B. Stuart at Hagerstown had been members of the Maryland Legislature, so we were told. Many were professional men or gentlemen farmers and merchants who had been incarcerated for political offences against the Confederate Government. There was also a sprinkling of newspaper correspondents and private adventurers. One of the latter was an Englishman, and he amused all who listened to his threats as to what he and his Government would do when he got free once more. Nearly all were in poor spirits, although the majority were engaged in the manufacture of all sorts of trinkets possible to be made out of beef bones—miniature Bibles and other books, rings, pins, and figures. Making copies of the traditional Venus seemed a very popular employment. Smoking-pipe bowls were also made from laurel root,

and the fronts of these were embellished with cut figures of the Goddess of Liberty, the American shield and eagle, or other patriotic device. Different colored sealing-wax was used with good effect by the Bible and jewelry makers. This did not seem to be such a very dreadful place : indeed, I thought it was very nice to be there, if we were to be confined at all. We had hardly time, however, to congratulate each other on our good fortune before being ordered to move out of this comparatively pleasant place : and we again took up our line of march to Libby Prison.

7. This was a weary march, and when at length we reached the famous place and had remained for an hour in the cold street below, we felt a sort of easy resignation as we filed into the low, dark entry that formed the portal of the gloomy prison. We were not allowed to proceed up stairs, however, until we had passed the ordeal of search by the commanding officer, and the whole of what was left of our kit and pocket knick-knacks were duly deposited through a hole in the wall, something like a theatre box office, into the custody of our jailor. This done, we were permitted to ascend to the second story, and were allowed to fall upon the filthy floor to rest, if that were possible. Libby Prison had also been a tobacco warehouse, but it was not so modernly built as Castle Lightning. The ceilings in Libby were scarcely six feet from the floor, and all the light and ventilation our room received was through three windows in the front, which were almost wholly boarded up, and three others in the rear, which were broken sufficiently to let in a little air. In the right-hand corner of the rear there was a

small place partitioned off as for a sink, but whatever might have been its intended use, it smelled horribly. The front was on Cary street, and the sidewalks were constantly patrolled by armed guards, whose orders were to shoot on the slightest provocation. That they had received such provocation and had obeyed orders was attested by the bullet-holes in the shutters and in the beams above, and which were significantly shown to us when made acquainted with the rules of the institution. The windows in the rear overlooked a canal, and just beyond that was the James river, full of rocks and very rough. On our right hand we could see a long railroad bridge spanning the river, and to our front or left an island in the river, which, as we were informed, was the famous or infamous "Belle Isle." The room in which we were confined was about twenty-five feet wide and ran the full depth of the building. In it there were two hundred and fifty or even more of us quartered. As soon as we were fairly locked up an ancient negro entered with an iron pot, in which were some fumigating agents, in his hand. He set fire to the mixture, and as he swung the pot around him like an incense holder, he sang a sort of African song. The fumigation only made a worse smell than there had been before, but he furnished a good deal of amusement to those who were able to laugh. We came pretty near incurring severe extra punishment on the first night of our stay at this place. Many of us had constantly hoped for a speedy deliverance, and our spirits were not entirely broken. About ten o'clock that night all was quiet except an occasional groan from some poor fellow whose wound

had been touched by his next neighbor; for we lay there in spoon fashion, and it was impossible for one to move hand or foot without disturbing the next man. Some one in a far corner let out a cat-call, then another, and in a wonderfully short time there was pandemonium. Cats, dogs, hyenas, horses, and in short all manner of beasts were imitated. This raised the guard, and we were not quieted until threats of shooting had been made. The uproar lasted for nearly an hour, and then we heard the sentry on the street cry out in the old style: "Eleven o'clock, and all's well at post number seven." I will not relate here the sad experiences of that ten or more days in prison. I shudder now as I attempt to recall the fears, the agonies, the hopes deferred, and the melancholy sights around me. I often wonder why so puny and insignificant a person as I was did not succumb altogether. But perhaps my very littleness saved me. Many of our men died there after having borne the hardship of our long transportation, and although the most severely wounded were given some treatment, a great proportion gave up the battle of life. The weather was intensely cold while we were there, and we were exposed to its inclemency. This resulted in the premature cutting off of many and in the lifelong disability of many more.

I remember that it was with feelings of indescribable joy that we received intelligence that we were to be speedily delivered into the hands of our own Government. We had been told so before, but now, when volunteers were called for to assist in making out muster rolls, we were assured that our time had

come. Willing hands by the score offered to do the work, and triplicate rolls were soon made out. It was not, however, until we were safely embarked upon a train of rough freight cars, bound for City Point, that every fear was removed. Then, as we moved away, the men seemed to be reanimated with their former spirits, and despite the strong guard, they indulged in uproarious hilarity. As in the early part of our captivity, the Germans sang songs; others told stories, and almost all were discussing the probability of receiving furloughs when they reached the North. I am nearly sure that many secretly hoped that it would be some time before our army captured a sufficient number of the enemy so as to have them to exchange for us. We went through Petersburg, but in different spirits from those we had entered other towns. As we drew near to City Point the scene became interesting; the more robust got out and danced upon the tops of the cars, and fired off huzzas at everything; but when at last our train rounded a hill that brought us within sight of the river and the flag of truce boats lying there, the scene that ensued beggars description; the able-bodied men danced like so many children on a holiday, and the poor sick and wounded pressed their faces against the openings of the cars and sadly smiled when they were told that our flag was there as well as the flag of truce. One poor fellow had slept, and when he awoke he hardly believed it to be true, but when another man and myself made way for him to see, he was overjoyed, and fell back as if dead. It took us some time to go through the forms of being delivered over. Our

names were called from the rolls, and as we answered we were given up under the direction of Colonel Ould, the Southern Commissioner, and thence we went on to our own Government's boat, the "Metamora." The rebel officers and soldiers on duty here were the best dressed men I had seen in the South. Our officers and men too were most liberally bedecked with gold lace, tinsel, and polished brass, and the business was conducted in an extremely polite and dignified manner on both sides. In company with another steamship, the "New York," we steamed down the James river, and anchored near the blockading squadron for that night. Meanwhile a glorious ration of hot coffee, fresh bread, and meat was issued to us, and an additional ration of soup to those in need of special nourishment. The voyage up the Chesapeake bay was made without any special incident, or if any occurred, I was not in a condition to notice them; neither can I tell whether we were thirty or thirty-five days in the hands of the enemy; we had probably been there the longest time mentioned. When we reached Annapolis, Maryland, we disembarked at the Government dock at the Naval Academy, at which place we left the sick and wounded to have their hurts attended to. The rest of us marched through the place to the camp of the paroled men just outside of the town. Although the snow was deep, and we had not yet been furnished with new clothing, yet we did not feel the exposure as much as we did that which we experienced at Richmond. The change of possession had worked that much for us. Very soon after we arrived at Camp Parole we received good supplies

of warm clothing and camp and garrison equipage. When we had secured a supply of clothing we went into the city and put ourselves into the hands of a barber. I was scared at my personal appearance, and how the negroes in Lynchburg managed to recognize me I cannot imagine. On one side of my chin I wore a long tuft of straggling hairs, and on the other scarcely any at all, while my upper lip looked as if it had been smeared with a finger of molasses. After shaving, bathing, and dressing in my new clothes I was led by curiosity to weigh myself, and found that I turned the scales at just a little less than seventy-five pounds! I had never weighed more than a pound or two above a hundred, but now I was miserably poor. Indeed, the bones nearly protruded through the flesh, my cheeks were hollow, and the skin on my face was dried to the consistency of a drum-head, and all this change in less than forty days! I was in a manner ashamed of myself as I tried to laugh, and caught the effort in a mirror, where I saw a most horrible picture. While in the town I imprudently indulged in eating oysters to excess, and on my return to camp I dearly paid for it by becoming very ill. The surgeon, having examined me, gave the very cheering information that my heart was too weak to force a circulation, and if it was otherwise, that there was no blood in me to circulate. Afterward I became so sick that my life was not worth very much. I was thoroughly exhausted, and when I got better I found that I had undergone pretty severe treatment. I had been placed on infants' diet, I had been cupped and lanced over the region of the heart, and

had but barely escaped the funeral trench as my fate.

8. It was in the early part of February, 1863, when we arrived at Annapolis, and soon after March 1 we were mustered for transfer to St. Louis, Missouri. Having been paroled not to take arms against the Southern Confederacy until we were exchanged, it was necessary that we should be kept together in some place until the exchange was effected, and as we were Western troops, we were ordered to St. Louis, Missouri, so as to be nearer our regiments. I had been wise enough to write to my company commander immediately on my arrival at Annapolis and apply for my Descriptive Roll, and had been fortunate in receiving it a day or two before leaving for the West. This placed me in a much more favorable position than that of many others. We started on our journey to the West through Baltimore and over the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, and once upon that great highway, I realized that I had completed such a circle of travel and adventure as I never had before and had no desire to accomplish again. Our command not being in fighting trim, the run was not made with very quick despatch. We stopped at several points along the road to allow more urgently needed freight to pass us. At one place in West Virginia, and not far from Piedmont, we stopped, and the men who had arms indulged in a bear hunt in the mountains, but they did not succeed in capturing Bruin. As soon as we entered the confines of the State of Ohio our numbers began to decrease perceptibly; many of the men were not far from their homes, or where they

had kindred, and such of them had no difficulty in leaving us. As we rolled along we were treated to all the necessary food required, and many of the luxuries furnished by the country were showered upon us. We were looked upon as so many heroes. At many places the people had heard of our approach, and were prepared when we reached them with cooked meats, bread, and drink, which they gave to us. When we reached Dayton, Ohio, we were shown newspapers in which we were described as murderers, cut-throats, and robbers! People were warned to look out for "Rosecrans' Bummers," and advised to take order for the protection of their towns from pillage. The paper was duly noted, and the "Richmond Jeffersonian" was doomed. This treatment of us caused an intense feeling of indignation among the men. We were indeed an orderly set, comparatively speaking; most of the men were wounded, and all happy that they were in a friendly country, too much so to think of robbery, to say nothing of murder. Whatever boisterousness the men had up to this time exhibited was, as far as I saw, altogether devoid of the spirit of mischief. When we arrived at the beautiful town of Richmond, Indiana, it was Saturday night, I think, and we learned that we would have to remain at least twenty-four hours. Like as at other places, the citizens (many of those at Richmond were Quakers) provided ample quantities of cooked food for us to eat. When we had been there a few hours some extra patriotically inclined citizens supplemented their gifts with more than one demijohn of whiskey. Sunday morning more was brought to us, and whole troops of country

people flocked into the town and mingled freely among us. Along toward night the liquor had begun to take effect upon the heads of those who had indulged in it; papers in which we had been so grossly abused were shown, and the feeling of indignation was rekindled. The effect was that after dark a mob of about five hundred of our men marched up the long road leading to the main street of the town and attacked the office of the paper. It was the same "Richmond Jeffersonian" that was shown to us in Dayton, Ohio. In less than ten minutes the whole establishment was gutted; not a type font was left nor a press unbroken; whole cases of type and cuts of all kinds required in a country newspaper office, and large quantities of paper, were thrown higgledy-piggledy through the windows on to the sidewalk and street; and the enraged men did not leave off until they had completed the work by destroying everything they could find belonging to the paper. The publisher was searched for, but in vain. It was said that barring his politics he was a good man, and a religious one too, and that he kept a Bible store in the next square; but if he had been found that night, all his sanctification would not have saved him from a severe thrashing; perhaps he might have been hanged to a lamp-post. Next morning our deed was applauded by many of the citizens; but they had aroused a spirit they could not control, and on the whole they were heartily glad when they saw us safely on our train and moving out.

9. When our train reached Paris, in Edgar county, Illinois, I found that the company of men in whose charge I had been placed had vanished. I alone was

left of them all, and under those circumstances I also abandoned the train with the intention of going to Loda and recruiting my health there before reporting at St. Louis. My way led me to the north through a well cultivated champaign country, and at one place through an exclusively Quaker settlement. At the house of one of that sect, named Williamson, I think, I stopped one night, and was treated in a manner that left no doubt of my welcome or of his kindness of heart. This was my first opportunity for story-telling, and I kept the old gentleman and his wife and daughter up out of their beds until what was to them a most unreasonable hour. I passed on to Danville, where I visited the coal mines then but recently developed on Vermillion river. Here I met with several countrymen of mine, and rested a day or two with them. Finally, I took the cars at Danville for Champaign, and thence on to Loda, where I remained something like a week, the guest of my friends the Weavers. I was equally busily engaged in rehearsing my story and in the enjoyment of recreative exercise. About April 1 I started on my way to St. Louis. On the 4th I reached Springfield, the capital of the State of Illinois, and reported to Colonel Morrison, U. S. A., commanding. He was an old veteran, and had a blotchy, battle-scarred face; he was gouty, too, and cross, although he vented no bad temper upon me. He gave me permission to go about the city and see what was to be seen, and entered a formal order reciting my report to him, and directing me to proceed to St. Louis, Missouri. I remained in Springfield some days, visiting many places of note, among others the

State Capitol, the dwelling house of President Lincoln, etc. On the 10th of April I arrived at Benton Barracks, near St. Louis, and reported in person to Colonel B. L. E. Bonneville, U. S. A., commanding the post. He was another old veteran like unto Morrison. I was immediately detailed by special order to remain at headquarters in the nominal capacity of Post Bugler, but in reality my duties were as a clerk in the office of the Post Adjutant.

## CHAPTER VI.

COVERS THE TIME DURING WHICH I REMAINED AT THE POST OF BENTON BARRACKS, NEAR ST. LOUIS, MO., AND EMBRACES FROM APRIL 10, 1863, TO DECEMBER 29, 1863, THE LATEST DATE BEING THAT OF MY DISCHARGE FROM THE SERVICE OF THE UNITED STATES AS PRIVATE OF COMPANY "B" EIGHTY-EIGHTH REGIMENT OF INFANTRY ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS.

1. AT the first thought I concluded that an account of my life at Benton Barracks would necessarily include a lengthy dissertation upon the "technique" of army life—the peculiar arrangements existing there, treating of the various officers and their separate duties, and methods of performing them; but I have since amended my plan so that I will only give in this place a general account of my experiences at the post, and when I am bound to mention anything beyond the legitimate limits of such a project I will endeavor to be as brief as possible. My nominal office, as I have already stated at the conclusion of the preceding chapter, was that of "Post Bugler," but upon

the day of my arrival I was set to work in the office of the Post Adjutant, and assisted in the preparation and making out of what was called a "Tri-Monthly Post Return." That document comprised an official statistical account and history of the post for the previous ten days; the number of officers and men, their several names, ranks, companies, and regiments, and the nature of the details of those who were on special duty; also the names, rank, and regiment of all who had died or been transferred during that period; and much other information prescribed by the rules of the Adjutant General's Office. I was not long in becoming familiar with the requirements of that branch of the business, but I was altogether relieved of it within a few days, and installed at a separate desk, having in my charge the issue of passes to go in or out of the camp lines. I soon began to recruit my health, and in about a month I had procured a small sharp-toned bugle, and one morning I surprised the Post Band by sounding the "first call," with a number of variations possible on that instrument. The post of Benton Barracks was situated on what was called Grand Avenue, and included the Fair Grounds belonging to the Agricultural Society of St. Louis and a large tract of land adjoining on the west. The whole of the Fair Grounds, with the numerous buildings, large and small, belonging to it, were monopolized, and used as a sort of General Hospital. This General Hospital was almost entirely independent of the post, and was carried on under the direction of Surgeon Ira Russell, U. S. V. Colonel B. L. E. Bonneville was, as I have said, our post commander.

He was a short, fat old gentleman of French-Canadian extraction. He had been in the military service of the United States for forty or fifty years, and had already been retired, and was now restored to the active list, and doing duty as Chief Commissary of Musters for the Department of the Missouri besides being Commander of the post. The Colonel had seen service in all of the various wars the country had been engaged in during the many years of his career, but what he appeared to be most particularly proud of was the fact that when comparatively a youth, and only a Captain in the army, he had explored the Rocky mountains and gone through ever so many adventures and hair-breadth escapes, and had been given up as lost for a time; his account of which had been edited or written by no less a personage in literature than Washington Irving. I saw the book. It was about the size of this of mine; and although it would be presumptuous in me to criticise so august a writer, still I cannot forbear saying that I have seen many works of the Prince of American authors in which he displayed his genius to a degree immeasurably beyond that which he appears to have employed in editing or writing the Colonel's narrative. The Post Commander had for his Acting Assistant Adjutant General a handsome, dashing, and young Lieutenant, A. J. Newby, who belonged to some Iowa regiment. Lieutenant Newby not only had a handsome face and a fine carriage to recommend him, but he was besides a very good, kind, and gentlemanly officer. Above all he was a master of the "Spencerian" system of hand-writing, and his penmanship was as handsome

as his face. His signature was a model for all to copy. Our Post Adjutant, however, sadly interfered with Lieutenant Newby's designs, if he had any, on the affections of the Post Commandant's pretty niece. Lieutenant N. Brosseau was from Kankakee, Illinois, and was not only of the same extraction as the Colonel, but he was withal a handsome, modest young fellow, and, what capped his qualifications, he was a devout Roman Catholic in religion: so that, no matter how often the lady went out riding under the escort of the ponderous Acting Assistant Adjutant General, it was Lieutenant Brosseau who invariably got the honor of gallanting her to and from church. Iowa men, or men belonging to regiments from that State, were in the great majority around Headquarters. In the Post Adjutant's office besides myself was —— McHenry, a little red-complexioned, shrivelled up old man from the north of Ireland. Mac was a patient, reliable, and steady man with his figures and pen, and lived entirely contented if he had the uninterrupted enjoyment of two privileges, as he was pleased to term them. The first was immunity from "botheration" when at work at his "reports," and the second was the exercise of unrestrained liberty in the queer notions he had of the laws of health. He would rather pay twenty-five cents at any time than indulge in a "square meal," being content with bread and water, provided the former contained a proper proportion of phosphorus or other alleged brain food; and he liked to sit under the flow of a water pipe and allow the cold fluid to run down his naked back for an hour at a time. The post headquarters

itself was a large, substantial mansion, situated in the centre of the parade ground, and the Post Adjutant's office was in a building of more modest pretensions near by. Next door to our office, but in the same building, was the U. S. Military Telegraph Office, and that was presided over by Mr. and Mrs. Marean. They were a childless couple, she fat, curly-headed, and jolly, he thin and straight-faced. The headquarters men used to make of the telegraph office a sort of rendezvous; that is, such of them as were specially musically inclined. There were in it guitars, flutes, and I believe a piano, and we always got the air of the latest patriotic song or hymn for the first time at Marean's. In the main building there were Captain Guerin, a citizen, Chief Clerk to the Commissary of Musters, and Jones, Windsor, and Wadsworth, clerks. The latter had also the duties of Postmaster added to his share. Amos M. Currier was on the other side of the hall, as Chief Clerk to the A. A. A. General. A. M. Currier was a nice little, intellectual looking man, and as honest and kind as his appearance betokened him. He wore long silky brown whiskers and full beard and moustache, and on the whole was such a person as goody-goody boys like to have for a school-master. There were some other clerks there—a Zach King and a King No. 2, but I have forgotten the names of the rest. They were all men of Iowa regiments, and Mount Pleasant, McGreggor's Landing, Washington, or Des Moines, Iowa, invariably marked the letters they received. My duty was now confined to the issuing of passes not only to officers and men who desired to leave the camp for business or pleasure,

but also to such other persons (civilians) whose business or curiosity required that they should come into or go out of the lines of the post. Most of the latter were male and female peddlers of fruit, fancy goods, etc.

2. As the fine weather came on I found my situation quite comfortable and easy. The routine of my labor was light, and I found at my disposal considerable leisure time to go and come. I frequently visited the city and what places of interest there were there and in the surrounding country. Before the summer was much advanced I had purchased a fleet pony of the mustang breed, and on its back I often rode for miles around and through the adjacent country. I prescribed for my health's benefit frequent and furious coursings along the "King's Highway," a road that ran from the river above the city to the river a long way beyond it below, often going as far as Carondelet without turning. I visited the scene of an early triumph for the Union cause—Camp Jackson—just outside the city, where a military camp of Rebels was surprised in 1861, the men captured, and the State assured to remain in the Union. During the summer we used to go past the La Clede Iron Works, and thence on to an ancient ferry on the Mississippi river to bathe. The place was none of the best, owing to the treachery of the current, and tradition was plentiful that catfish thereabout were as large as porpoises, and when caught invariably had within each one of them from a quarter to a half of a human body. I remember that I used to look upon the whole ferry and the scene as the same as that memorable one described in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

About this time the Government found itself with a large number of men on its hands who had been rendered unfit for field service by reason of wounds and amputations, and the order authorizing and directing the formation of the "Invalid Corps" was promulgated. On general principles the objects of the order were applauded by all, as it was considered no more than right and just that the General Government should retain in its service and pay as many of its disabled veterans as it needed and who were capable of performing clerical and other duties akin to them. Men with but a single leg or arm, instead of being thrown back upon the friends and communities which they had left behind them, in the receipt merely of a paltry pension, were suitably placed in positions where the Government could utilize their talents and at the same time well afford to pay the ordinary wages. Under these arrangements there was a good regiment organized in St. Louis by Colonel Alexander, an old veteran of the Regular Army. There never was a word uttered that I heard in any manner derogatory to the organization until the authorities in Washington decided that other than those who were wounded and maimed might be received into the corps ; but now it was that many great and notorious cowards, men who were full of fear of the dangers incident to an active career in the field, officers as well as soldiers, made a grand rush for admission to membership in the "Invalid Corps." Certificates of Disability were almost dignified with a market value, and the prices soon ascended to a high figure, and because "Chronic Diarrhœa" was the prevailing complaint

alleged by such dishonorable men in their applications for transfer, the whole corps fell into disrepute : and although the designation of it was officially changed from "The Invalid Corps" to "The Veteran Reserve Corps," still it rarely got that name save on paper and in very polite society. In all other places it was stigmatized as "The Diarrhœa Corps." In my position and by my associations I was enabled to see a great deal of the inside workings of the organization, and I can truly say that it was really disgusting when not amusing to hear the stories of some applicants for transfer. Dr. Ira Russell used to tell us some of their stories : how one officer offered three hundred dollars for the necessary certificate ; another tendered a mortgage on his farm ; others begged and prayed to the medical authorities for their assistance. All this time there was no difficulty in a proper person being transferred. Poor George Rodney of my company wanted a certificate very badly, but he succeeded only in becoming an inmate as a convalescent of the General Hospital. There one day he proved himself entitled to some indulgence, for he succumbed to the effects of disease contracted in the service, and died and was buried. It was Rodney against whom the Colonel, on that memorable night before Thanksgiving, the previous year, had especially directed his denunciations because George had his musket with him, and from that it was to be inferred that he intended to use his weapon against defenceless people. The climax of interest in the "Diarrhœa Corps" was reached when, not long afterward, a law was proposed in the National Legislature having for its object the

consolidation of the corps into compact regiments, and the incorporation of the whole with the Regular Army. Under the pressure of the intense spirit of patriotism or super-patriotism then prevailing, and amid the confusion and turmoil incident to the state of war the country was then in, the act was passed, and the eminent promoters of the measure had performed services that entitle them to be vividly remembered, perhaps differently by different people. Under this law the grossest injustice and unfairness was enacted, for while thousands upon thousands of good men were wounded or otherwise disabled, they did not care for or seek to fasten themselves upon the Government for life, but were content to return to their homes as patriotic citizen soldiers, on the contrary, with the incorporation into the Regular Army of the Veteran Reserve Corps, the officers belonging to that organization became equal in the tenure of their commissions to those who had devoted their lives, from extreme youth to old age, to the service of their country. The result was that on the conclusion of the war the country found upon its hands a batch of officers whom it could not get rid of except on half pay. It may be interesting in the near future to see Colonel Bonneville, U. S. A., and others of his class and services, on a social and official equality with "Colonel Swashbuckler, U. S. A.," erstwhile a corner loungee in some country town in the far North. Many persons like the last-named gentleman (?) will secretly thank the luck that deprived them of a limb apiece when they complacently draw half pay, while the more unfortunate comrade, of equal rank and ser-

vices, turns the crank of his hand-organ on the corner of the street and receives the pitifully small pension awarded to him by his grateful country.

3. There was no complaint possible to be made in relation to our domestic economy. Here occurs a break in the almost constant talk of matters in relation to what was for our eating; there is not now much solicitude about rations, and we had no longer to think of the wherewithal for dinner before we had disposed of our breakfast. "Our mess" was composed of most of the clerks engaged in and about the Post Headquarters, and we had a cook all to ourselves. Sam Fry was office-orderly to the Colonel commanding and general purveyor for the mess. He was in every respect a first-class "gobbler." Sam was besides a jolly fellow, of great experience and always full of fun. In his career he had been an auctioneer, a clown in Dan Rice's circus; he had driven a stage-coach for years, and when he enlisted he had just dropped the handles of his plough, Cincinnatus like, on a farm up in Iowa. There were also three or four men from the General Hospital—apothecaries, hospital stewards, etc.—in the complement. We occupied a separate house, and altogether were very comfortable. Sam Fry drew regular rations for all of us except Jones. Jones got commutation money instead, and paid a stated sum for his board. The rest were taxed about one dollar a week, and with the fund thus collected Sam Fry provided such seasonable articles of diet as were not included in the legal ration. How the cook got her pay I have forgotten, but I have an indistinct recollection of there having been an un-

derstanding all around that she was expected to steal enough to compensate her for her services. The troops stationed at Benton Barracks at the time I am writing about were almost entirely composed of unexchanged paroled men, with a small force of others acting as a provost-guard; but other troops made of the post a sort of temporary stopping place on the journey going south. When any such did favor us with their company there was great excitement at headquarters. On ordinary occasions it was the merest matter of form to mount the guard. The work was often done by either McHenry or myself, each in our turn acting as Adjutant and Sergeant-Major all in one, and the Post Band often outnumbered by two to one the whole detail for guard duty. When it happened that a battalion or regiment of men came to be our guests, the first thing that usually occurred to McHenry was to make a detail for the ensuing day, taking care to draw a requisition for sufficient men and officers to make the ceremony imposing. One such occasion was on the 12th of October, 1863, when, about noon-tide, we were startled by the strong and measured sounds of many bugles, and by a great amount of drumming and fifeing. McHenry was in ecstasies, and none of us were very sorry for the promise of an enlivening of the routine of duty. We had not long to wait before we were cheered by the sight of a sturdy column of infantry en route. This proved to be the Tenth Minnesota Infantry Volunteers. It had just returned from General Sibley's expedition against the Dakota or Sioux Indians. The forces of the expedition had pursued the red-skins to and beyond the

Missouri River, and although the men had seen very hard service, still the whole brigade of which this regiment formed a part had lost only eight men. The officers and men of the regiment were as a rule tall, fine, able-bodied men, rough in exterior and bronzed by exposure, and to a dot they filled the requirements of a good picture of the ideal pioneers of our Western country. The regiment was well armed with the latest improved pattern of the Springfield rifled musket. Friend McHenry did not wait long, but sent a requisition for the attendance on the morrow of a most respectable sized detail, and during the afternoon, when the Ninth regiment from the same State arrived in camp, it only caused McHenry to make out another detail to augment the number to report. During the whole of that evening nothing was talked about in our set save the grand guard-mounting there was to be on the next morning. There were to be eighty privates, a quota of non-commissioned officers, and three shoulder-strapped gentlemen to boot. Early next morning we were astir. McHenry had conned his part as Sergeant Major well, and was waiting. But alas for his hopes of distinction! the Post Band had not yet concluded its morning salutation of reveille when the band of the Ninth Minnesota struck up the "General Assembly." Soon afterward the regiment was in line, column formed, and the command, "Forward" given. Then they left us as they came, without a word of explanation, not even submitting their reports to post headquarters. When the time came for Guard-mounting we were compelled to be content with the usual beggarly detail of Provost Guardsmen for duty.

The performance of my duties as Pass Clerk brought me in contact with many queer and interesting characters. About the middle of August, 1863, a man who said he belonged to a certain regiment of Illinois Infantry became very familiar; and as he was a sort of engaging person, he rarely failed to secure a pass from me when the favor was in my discretion. I do not now remember what it was that particularly aroused my suspicions that all was not right with him, but they were aroused about the time mentioned. He always had plenty of money, and apparently wanted for nothing but complete liberty. Finally I hit upon a plan that was immediately successful, and I declined to issue a pass to him. I pleaded as my excuse the standing order in relation to the amount issuable and the risk I ran in overstepping the limit prescribed. This was an obstacle to his going to St. Louis, and forced his secret. He used his occupation of a soldier as a cloak or cover for the business he was really engaged in. That was the "shoving" or passing of counterfeit money. He then got the required pass. As soon as he was gone I consulted with my superior, and proper measures were concocted to meet the emergency. Under instructions from Mr. Currier, I went with the soldier into the city, among his companions there and through their haunts. By some means or other the head of the gang (for there was quite a number of them) succeeded in eluding the officers of the law set upon his track. It was said at the time that the detectives in the service of the Government, or at least some of them, were in collusion with the rogues. However, the business was broken up for a

time. I mention this circumstance more particularly because during the time I played amateur detective I saw more devilment than I had during my whole previous life.

4. On the 1st of September I received a furlough or leave of absence for fifteen days, and upon that I proceeded to Loda, Illinois, and there passed the ensuing two weeks. It was a remarkably pleasant season of the year, and I remember to this time that day succeeded day in a round of interest. Up to that time the farmers of that section had been kept comparatively poor. Corn was dirt cheap, and in some instances actually used as fuel; but during that year the people had sown flax seed and had realized enormous profits, owing to the great demand and price paid for the product for hospital purposes. The farmers had also cultivated sorghum or Chinese sugar cane, and that had yielded immensely—so much so that the resources of the country were taxed to their utmost for casks to put the syrup in, and still it fetched a high price per gallon. In this way the country folk were paid for the two or three previous years of hard times, and they were all cheerful and happy in so far as material prosperity was concerned. All this contributed in a great degree to enable me to accomplish my object, which was to have a pleasant time and relaxation from the routine of my duties at Benton Barracks.

During the early autumn of 1863 the political affairs of the State of Missouri were, to put it mildly, in a very bad way. Governor Gamble presided at Jefferson City, the capital of the State, and he was thoroughly hated and despised by what was designated

the "loyal" element of the people of the State, while he was upheld or defended by those who were of contrary affiliations. There was an election approaching, and great excitement ensued. Politics engrossed the attention of the citizens to the exclusion of almost every other topic. Street corners, churches, public halls, markets, and even our military camps were the scenes of wordy warfare. The severe measures of General Curtis early in the year had taught the would-be outspoken sympathizers with the South a lesson that they had not forgotten. Alton Penitentiary was not far away, Gratiot street Prison was at hand, confiscation laws were in force, and above all it was easy for declared rebels to be transported into the Southern lines. So far as the opposition dared to go, they went. I remember listening to a speech of the celebrated patriot and Union man, General "Jim Lane," of "Kansas Jayhawker" fame. He was a Radical of the Radicals. He breathed death, confiscation, banishment for Rebels in every sentence, and he was not left without support—his words were received with tumultuous applause. He was replied to by General Frank P. Blair, Jr., who even at that time had so changed his views from what they had been during the earlier stages of the war, as to be called a "Copperhead." Jefferson City was at that time in part protected by a regiment of the Missouri State Militia (the First Regiment). There were two kinds of militia in the State—the Missouri State Militia and the Enrolled Missouri Militia—and the greatest confusion was caused by that circumstance. The prime distinction between the two sorts was found in the na-

ture of the sentiments they held toward the Federal Government and the ideas they entertained in regard to States rights, especially the rights of the State of Missouri. The first mentioned were intensely loyal to the Union of the States. What the others were may be inferred, but I cannot undertake to describe them any further than by saying that each sort was at the throats of the other on the slightest provocation. When "Jim Lane's" speech reached the capital the loyal M. S. M.'s became wildly enthusiastic, and the men of it there only ceased to cheer and roar over it when they had denounced the Governor at his own door. On this many of the militiamen were thrown into prison, but the rest of them rallied, carried the prison house by storm, and released their comrades. "This was altogether too radical," said Captain Barnes to me, "and the consequence is that the regiment has been scattered—two companies on the Iron Mountain Railroad, two on the Pacific Railroad, and two more here." Several of the officers of the regiment were even then under arrest for aiding and abetting the men in the commission of whatever the offence was that was laid to them.

About the last of October we received news that went to confirm previous rumors to the effect that a soldier named Roberts, of the First Nebraska Volunteer Infantry, was to be executed at our post for desertion and felony. The anticipation of the event gave rise to a great deal of speculation, but it never came off, at least during my time, although the sentence had been regularly approved by the highest authority. When I first arrived at Benton Barracks the place con-

tained a large number of men, and these we organized into companies and battalions. Under the rules and regulations governing the army, each company was entitled to a certain quota of women as laundresses. In times of tranquillity these women are wives of soldiers, but in our camp it was otherwise, except in a very few instances. Whether or no, when men were exchanged and ordered to the field it was altogether out of the question to think of sending the women with them, so that when the camp was depleted of soldiers there remained a large number of these women, and their presence within the lines soon developed into a nuisance. Being attached to no regularly mustered company, they could draw no rations, and therefore it is easy to see that no matter how they obtained the means of living, it was certainly acquired in an irregular manner. They retained their old quarters, and from thence the unfortunate creatures sallied forth as foragers. Nothing was safe from depredation: the commissary depot was robbed, the wood piles were raided upon, and the stores of the "village" were burglarized. It required a strong effort, but finally they were all extirpated, almost literally at the point of the bayonet. Captain Fillebrown, the commander of our Provost Guard, did the work in a very "gallant" but at the same time effectual manner. Then the women swarmed into the buildings attached to the General Hospital. They were not allowed to rest long, however, before the Hospital folks chased them from one building to another until what were left of the unlucky women were all congregated in a shanty adjoining the dead-house. The enemy were finally

driven out of this last resort by a stratagem. Hospital Steward Ferris procured a couple of devil-may-care fellows, who allowed themselves to be publicly carried into the dead-house, and in such a manner as insured the fact that at least some of the obnoxious women could not fail to see them go in. At midnight the women were startled by the sounds of the supposed dead men groaning and raving as they reached their ears through the thin walls of the house. The frightened creatures lost no time in arriving at the conclusion that the devil was there in person, and they hastily quitted their last refuge, and left the precincts of the hospital for a less haunted neighborhood. From that time the whole post was comparatively clear of the unwelcome "laundresses."

During the late summer and early autumn the scourge of small-pox raged fearfully in the General Hospital, and a great many died before they could be transported to "Bloody Island," in the Mississippi river, where a sort of exclusively small-pox hospital had been established. All the people around us were in great fear of the contagion. What was most sad was the carelessness exhibited in providing against danger. There were many young women who had volunteered to serve, and were serving as nurses in the hospital. Before entering upon the service it was required, as a precautionary measure, that they, in common with all others, should submit to the operation of being vaccinated. On the face of it this was a very good and proper regulation, but unfortunately sufficient care was not exercised in the selection of the vaccine matter used, and many persons fell as victims. Those

who did not contract the dread disease were but little better off than those who did. I remember the case of one young woman who had been beautiful; she belonged, too, to a highly respectable family in the city of Saint Louis, and it was nothing but genuine patriotism that had impelled her to assume the duties of hospital nurse. They vaccinated her as they did the rest, but alas! the agent was indeed poisonous. It was charged with the seeds of the most horrible disease. In a short time she got to be a most pitiful object. Her breasts dropped off, and then death relieved her from a miserable existence. Others got off with no less than withered arms, and ugly scrofulous marks.

About the first of August there were at our camp five companies of the Eleventh Missouri Cavalry Volunteers, and three companies of the Eleventh Ohio Cavalry Volunteers, and a portion of the Second Regiment Missouri Heavy Artillery, besides a Provost Guard of one company of the Ninth Regiment Wisconsin Infantry Volunteers. The three companies of the Eleventh Ohio Cavalry were on the way to the Rocky mountains to do duty in that region in protecting emigrant trains from the depredations of the Indians. One company was almost entirely recruited from deserters from the free-lance John Morgan's forces, and the other two companies were composed mostly of boys. The regiment had participated in the run through Ohio after General Morgan, and the deserters had been glad to better their condition by taking service on our side. I became acquainted with Sergeant Sherlock, of Company "E" of this regiment, and also with Sergeant-Major Lewis. The latter had already seen

service, having been an officer at the battle of Stone river, and captured, as I was, at that battle. He was thereafter honorably discharged, and had now re-entered the service as a veteran. If my memory serves me well, he told me that he was of the immediate party that captured the guerilla General Morgan. At home the Sergeant was a lawyer, and as he expected to be stationed for a long time in some comfortable quarters at a frontier fort, he had provided himself with a well selected library. The companies departed for the West on the 10th of August. The Second Missouri Heavy Artillery was a very poor specimen of a regiment. There was no discipline whatever in it—no regularity at all, except indeed in the drawing of rations and in being irregular in almost everything else. The whole regiment was soon afterward mustered out of the service. The Eleventh Missouri Cavalry was also a sorry conditioned organization. It was commanded by Colonel W. D. Wood, who, it was represented, was a near relative of Governor Gamble. Many of the officers and men had figured on the wrong side at the capture of Camp Jackson in 1861, and although the regiment had existed as an organization for three quarters of a year, it had as yet seen no field service. Altogether the regiment was not liked by any of us, and it was often subjected to treatment as if it was not to be trusted. There must have been something radically wrong from the beginning with Missouri. It seems so singular that she should have had such good, brave, and gallant soldiers away from home on either side of the conflict, and such miserable defenders within her borders. It was a common

remark that the best men of Missouri were with "Pap Price," and the second best gone "to fight mit Siegel."

5. About the middle of August I received instructions to try my hand, or rather my tongue, at selling by auction. So many soldiers had died at the General Hospital, or deserted and left their effects behind them, that the latter had accumulated until several rooms were filled with an assortment of personal property. Whatever bore marks of identification were to be sent, if of value, to whoever might claim them, and one day the remainder was hauled out under the trees and got ready for disposal. Having mounted a wagon placed there for the purpose, I made a speech to the motley throng that had now gathered around me to the effect generally that, "by direction of a Council of Administration of the post of Benton Barracks, near Saint Louis, Missouri, duly appointed by competent authority, I would proceed to sell by public auction to the highest bidder, for cash," the miscellaneous stuff by which I was surrounded. The sale was prolonged for three or four hours, and still the auctioneer's voice was heard. The bidding was spirited, but the prices realized were anything but "war prices." In the lots were all sorts of pocket property, from portfolios to metallic match-boxes. All diaries, portfolios, and such like articles were reserved from the sale, and of such things I had a sackful when the auction was over. These, with the cash proceeds of the sale, were turned over to Lieutenant A. J. Newby, the President of the Post Council of Administration. We had several Courts Martial in

session during my stay at Benton Barracks. One was a "Field Officer's Court Martial," and was held by Lieutenant Colonel Graham, of the Twenty-second Regiment Iowa Volunteer Infantry. This court had little else to do but make a show of trying the paroled men who had failed to report in due time at Benton Barracks. The President's proclamation in regard to absentees had gone forth, and the grace of that document had expired, and, as the Colonel used to say with a very long face, "every soldier knows the penalty for desertion." It was very laughable and at times interesting to listen to the various excuses of the soldiers as they came up one after another to plead to the charge of "Absence without leave" preferred against them. One man, scarce twenty-three years of age, swore that he had a wife and six children; that his wife was sick of an ague, the two younger children down with the small-pox, the eldest insane, and the rest starving, and, perhaps the only grain of truth in his story, he had received no pay for twelve months. Another set every one in the room in a roar by alleging that he had made a bet with a comrade that he could go home and in ten days become the husband of that comrade's affianced bride. "And I did it too, Judge." This was enough, and even the Colonel lost his proper gravity, and was compelled to join in the roars of laughter that ensued. The dignity of judicial proceedings, however, was soon restored by the next case. It was that of a plain, common-looking man, who said substantially that he had received a letter informing him of the serious illness of his wife; that he had used every en-

deavor to obtain a furlough without success, and had only left the camp in a desperate mood, without realizing the enormity of his crime; that even then he had not arrived at his wretched home in time to be there at the death. The few days since he had been engaged in placing his orphaned children where they could be cared for. The poor fellow's weeping acted as a magnet, and when he was through with his story there were but few dry eyes in the Court room. A little Frenchman belonging to the Second Missouri Artillery Reserves pleaded that his regiment had been mustered out of service by order of the President. But he was mistaken, and his trial went on. There was great fun in this case, and in the absence of an interpreter Colonel Graham was kept busy in consulting a French and English Dictionary. There was great anxiety manifested by the paroled men to have their cases finally disposed of before the end of the month, which was a day for mustering for pay. Most of them had a year's pay due to them, and many had eighteen months' coming to them, and as the punishment was usually a fine of a greater or less amount, there were but few who could not afford the penalty. We also had a "General Court Martial" in session. This was a more imposing affair, a more august tribunal, having the jurisdiction of a Court of Oyer and Terminer when compared with that of a Field Officer's Court Martial, which latter may be likened to a Court of Special Sessions. The General Court Martial was made up of some half dozen Field Officers, and had a Captain (W. F. Dewey) for Judge Advocate or Prose-

cutor. The Court held its sessions in the room over our offices, and in which I and other of the clerks slept. I was a sort of scribe for this Court, and frequently took down the testimony in short hand. One of the most important cases tried by this Court was that of Private Mike O'Brien, of the First U. S. Infantry. Mike had already served one complete term of five years, and this his second term would expire on the 18th of August, 1863. He had been a sort of privileged character at the post. He and his wife lived in a neat little house all by themselves, and shared with the post sutler in a little monopoly. His regular duties consisted in acting as orderly and general factotum to the Colonel; at least that is all I ever knew him to do in the way of service. Mike was every inch a soldier, not excepting the bad qualities so often found in veterans. He would sometimes get drunk—very drunk—and then there was the devil to pay with him. For a comparatively long time he had manfully withstood all temptation that way, and had saved money in anticipation of his discharge. He had even opened negotiations with old man Stewart, on Salisbury street, for the purchase of a groggery, when, alas! in an unfortunate moment Mike fell in with a former comrade, who, having received a commission in the Volunteer service, was sporting his gold lace and broadcloth in the city. Mike was becoming envious, and when the two had talked over the matter, it was determined that Mike had not succeeded so well as his friend because he had been handicapped with a wife! He was full of this until he got drunk, when he began the work of remedying

the evil by trying to kill the heavy tail to his kite. But his wife got the better of him, and instead of doing with her as his mad passion prompted, she pitched her husband out of the wagon in which they were riding home, and left him sprawling in the gutter, a prey to the snares of the Provost Guard. She had not been long in camp, however, before her master arrived too, and he lost no time in undertaking to finish the job he had so inauspiciously begun. He would probably have succeeded this time had not the uproar attracted the attention of the Post Provost Guard. "Two men and a Corporal" came, but Mike displayed a huge navy revolver and gave out the direst threats against "the head of the gallot" who attempted to arrest him. The guard prudently procured reinforcements, and then the combined powers moved on the belligerent Mike, and finally, after almost a regular siege, succeeded in arresting him, but not before he had fired two shots, and made three missfires. All this occurred on the 10th of August, and when he had only a week or so more to serve. On the day upon which his term of service expired he was tried by General Court Martial and sentenced to perform six months' hard labor "in such place as the Commanding General of the Department should select." The sentence was approved by the District Commander on the 28th of August, but I do not remember whether O'Brien served out the term or the proceedings were disapproved by the Department Commander; the latter, I think, was most probably the case.

6. Early in the month of October, 1863, the Government established in our camp a depot of the West-

ern Cavalry Bureau, having Colonel Hatch (of the Second Michigan Cavalry Volunteers) as chief. It must be remembered that while the Government was anxious to purchase all the serviceable horses it could, it was at the same time equally desirous of getting rid of such as were past being of service: so that about the 1st of November several large recuperating hospitals for horses and mules were established. There was a very large one at the northerly side of our camp, and there was a very extensive one on or near to Franklin Avenue, nearer the city. To these hospitals the animals of Grierson and other raiders were conveyed after their hard ridings in the South. The Government sold at public auction every Friday such of the animals as had been condemned during the preceding week as unfit for further use, and bought new horses every day, so as to fill the requisitions constantly received from the field. This business presented a fine scope for plundering the Government, and it was taken advantage of to a great extent. The charge was openly made that the officers entrusted with the duty of inspection had condemned many good horses, which on the day of sale were sold at prices ranging from thirty-seven cents to five dollars a head. In a few days thereafter, the purchaser of such animals, in collusion with the purchasing officers of the Government, so it was said, again sold them to the public service, and at the immense prices prevailing at the time. I do not remember whether anything was ever done about the fraud, but I do know that it was the talk of the camp for some time. We did not have the gallant Lieutenant

Brosseau for our Post Adjutant for any great length of time. He was called to the field during the summer, where he received well merited promotion in his regiment. He was succeeded by Lieutenant Philander Lucas, a great, overgrown son of the fat prairies. He was from Jacksonville, Illinois, had been an under teacher in the institute of learning at that place, and was captured by the Rebel General Van Dorn, at Holly Springs, Mississippi. He was a lawyer by profession, and had with him quite a respectable library. It was said by those who did not like him that he was badgered back to the field by his fellow officers. At any rate, he went, and was succeeded by Lieutenant D. O. Reid, of Company "H" of the Forty-fifth regiment of Infantry Illinois Volunteers. Lieutenant Reid was a small but well formed and attractive man. He had an intellectual countenance, and was altogether a very clever, active officer. He had a dark, placid countenance, and that was made more striking by a heavy black moustache and chin whiskers. The Lieutenant had been in the service since June, 1861, was wounded in the second assault on the enemy's works in front of Vicksburg the summer before, had been taken prisoner and cruelly treated by his captors, and on his final parole became a guest of Benton Barracks. While with us he expected to receive promotion and join the Colored Troops, but my impression is that he got tired of waiting, or disgusted with that branch of the service, and went to his regiment in the field. He was a native of some part of Pennsylvania, but had emigrated many years before to Galesburg (I think), in Illinois.

Whatever may be said of the previous chapters of this my narrative by those who may read them, I can say of this last one that I find myself severely taxed to find incidents enough to make it seem interesting. There is no change of scene or battle to describe. This whole chapter is altogether different from what would reasonably be expected of a soldier. To me it reads rather of doings of a boy off for a holiday, and I am almost ashamed to place it beside the more stirring portion of my narrative. Of course we were all intensely interested in the events of the war as they happened, but anything I might say here would be at second hand and certainly out of place. My only excuse is that my life at Benton Barracks was included in my term of service as a private soldier, and therefore must be told in some way. We had many "sprees" while at the post, but they are hardly deemed worth mentioning except perhaps one as a sample. This was on the occasion of the marriage of a relative of Captain Guerin to a young man named Gostin. About the latter part of August we heard that the newly wedded pair were in the Captain's house on Salisbury street, just outside the Barracks. Along toward midnight the Post Band, with their regulation instruments of fifes and drums, and carrying besides a lot of other noise producers, such as gongs, bells, tin pans, and an array of bugles, filed out of the main gate. With the rest, I went to see the fun. When we reached the front of the house wherein the bride and bridegroom were, the Post Band performed a very creditable piece by way of serenade. This was succeeded by John Munson, our mail wagon driver,

giving the command something like this: "Attention, Calithumpians! Music by the Calithumpians! One—two—three!" And then there was such a din as never was heard. People in their night clothes threw up the neighboring windows and peered out on the scene, an army of dogs howled, and general pandemonium reigned. At a certain other signal the noise ceased, and the Post Band gave another respectable performance. By this time the folks within had become well acquainted with our presence, and the jolly Captain appeared and made a jolly speech. At his invitation we entered the house and were received by those we had intended to honor. Eating and drinking began immediately. There were root beer and soda water for the temperate and youthful, lager beer for the more experienced, and whiskey for the old stagers, and these were all indulged in, until before long the men were in fine condition and the best of humor for speeches, songs, and rough dancing. Each song was honored with at least one encore, and each sentence of a speech was uproariously applauded. So many speeches were made that at last there was a dearth of subjects. By and by, when the resources of the family had nearly ceased to supply the demand for food and drink, the landlord of the house, a man named Speckermann, came into the company and made a speech, the best part of which was the peroration. It consisted of an appeal to us that we would honor him with our company in his grocery store on the opposite side of the street. This honor was quickly conferred upon him, and all but the ladies went over to the place. There was more guzzling,

smoking, "speechifying" until three o'clock in the morning, when we left the scene for camp. The bridegroom afterward became the proprietor of the photograph gallery at our post.

1. About the first week of November (on a Saturday) an incident happened in our camp the like of which I had not seen before. It was the formal dishonorable discharge of a soldier. The first intimation I got of the affair came from Colonel Wood, of the Eleventh Missouri Cavalry, who requested that the Post Band be placed at his disposal for one hour or so. The band was of course ordered to report for duty immediately, in full uniform and instruments, at the Colonel's headquarters. With the rest, I went to the regimental parade ground to see the sight. After some delay, the regiment was formed into line as for review, and the culprit conducted to the front and centre. Then the Adjutant read all the orders relating to the case, and handed the soldier his dishonorable discharge from the service. The prisoner was deprived of his hat, and a ready barber quickly mutilated his hair, and the same functionary also stripped the prisoner's clothes of all buttons and other ornaments. Thus prepared, the command received the order, "Draw sabres," and the unfortunate man was marched along the line in advance of the band, which all the while played the "Rogue's March." He was kept from going too fast by a sort of mock escort which accompanied him, but at the left of the line the duty of the guard ceased, and the poor fellow made a good start, and was off like a shot, out of sight and out of the main gate. He did not wait to hear

the gibes and laughter of his late comrades. I was inclined to believe that the prisoner did not allow the disgrace to affect him very much, for when he passed me I thought I detected a sort of satisfied smile upon his face.

During the summer of 1863 the Government first began to utilize the recently emancipated slaves by making soldiers of them. The use of negroes for such a purpose was somewhat hastened by the difficulty experienced by some of the Eastern States in filling their several quotas of troops. Thus it came about that a New York regiment was recruited in Louisiana from the freedmen there; a Massachusetts regiment was built up in Missouri and Kansas, and a "good, likely negro" fetched a price as a substitute nearly equal to that he would have brought in antebellum times. General Lorenzo Thomas, the Adjutant General of the Army, had been to the South and South-west, and seemed to be possessed of great power in the premises. Boards of examination were appointed, and invitations sent out to both officers and men of the army, as well as to outsiders, to present themselves for examination and appointment to office in the new element. At Saint Louis there was such a Board, presided over by Colonel Daniel Huston, Seventh Cavalry Missouri Volunteers. Even before cold weather set in our barracks became a rendezvous for the organization of Colored Troops, and nearly every one of the minor officers and the staff clerks at Headquarters had made the proper application and obtained the necessary permission to appear before the Board for examination. Then Colonel William

A. Pile, who had succeeded Clinton B. Fiske as Colonel of the Thirty-third Missouri Volunteer Infantry, both of whom were known as "fighting parsons," appeared and took charge of the organization of the Colored Troops in and near Saint Louis, with headquarters at Benton Barracks. It was not until I was left almost entirely alone of my old fellow clerks that I made the necessary application and received the letter permitting me to appear before the Board for examination. On the 1st of December I presented myself, and at the conclusion of the medical and surgical examination I had reason to feel glad that I had done as I had, even if I failed to obtain the promotion. Ever since my release from captivity I had been tortured by the thought that perhaps my sufferings and the exposure had left something behind that might appear upon provocation, so I had been very careful not to expose myself unnecessarily to the vicissitudes of hard labor or the inclemency of the weather; but now the rough, thorough-going, typical "brute" of a surgeon, after making a searching investigation from toe nail to the top hair of my head, not only passed me as "approved," but complimented me somewhat on the soundness of my condition. In due time I passed into the dread presence of the Board. There had been many terrifying reports afloat in relation to this Board. It had been represented as especially severe and merciless, but of course no one could know what took place when others than himself were present. Stories were told of men of age and pretensions who had failed correctly to answer whether our Saviour lived before

or after Mahomet ; others did not know the difference between a simple equation and the multiplication of common fractions. Whatever truth there may have been in these stories, it is nevertheless the fact that many applicants were disappointed. Field officers of volunteers were recommended for promotion (?) as Second Lieutenants in the new forces, and although there were three distinct classes of each grade, many failed to pass at all. Of my examination I can only say that, with the exception of that part requiring the possession of technical knowledge of military affairs, it was something like a very searching examination of advanced students in a good school of the lower academic class, and during which the best read of men would be apt to fail occasionally, unless aided by a good memory. Mine served me well throughout the whole ordeal, and in a few days I was gazetted as having passed and been recommended for appointment. Immediately after this I was ordered to report to Colonel Pile, and I assumed full under-charge of his office as his Acting Assistant Adjutant General. On the 29th day of December, 1863, I received an official copy of an extract from Special Orders from the Department of the Missouri, dated the day before, by which I was discharged the service of the United States as Private Company "B," Eighty-eighth Regiment Illinois Volunteers, and I thereupon ceased to be an enlisted man in the army. I had been a soldier in all only about seventeen months, and on looking back over my story I find that although it is not altogether devoid of incident, still I am sure it cannot possibly be so interesting as the story, if told, of

many a man whose service brought him into many more encounters, more difficulties, and during which he was exposed to many more dangers. It will be a pity if there are not many of such who will yet do as I have done, save my manifold sins of omission and commission, my faults in style and manner of expression, and thus hand down to their heirs that which will, as I said in my preface, enable them to have something beyond mere tradition to point to when discussing the experiences of a private soldier in the Great American Civil War.

